NOVEMBER 19, 1935 15c

new Masses

Major Bowes' Radio Racket

By HENRY COWELL

Saturday Evening Liar

By BOB BROWN

Browder and Roosevelt

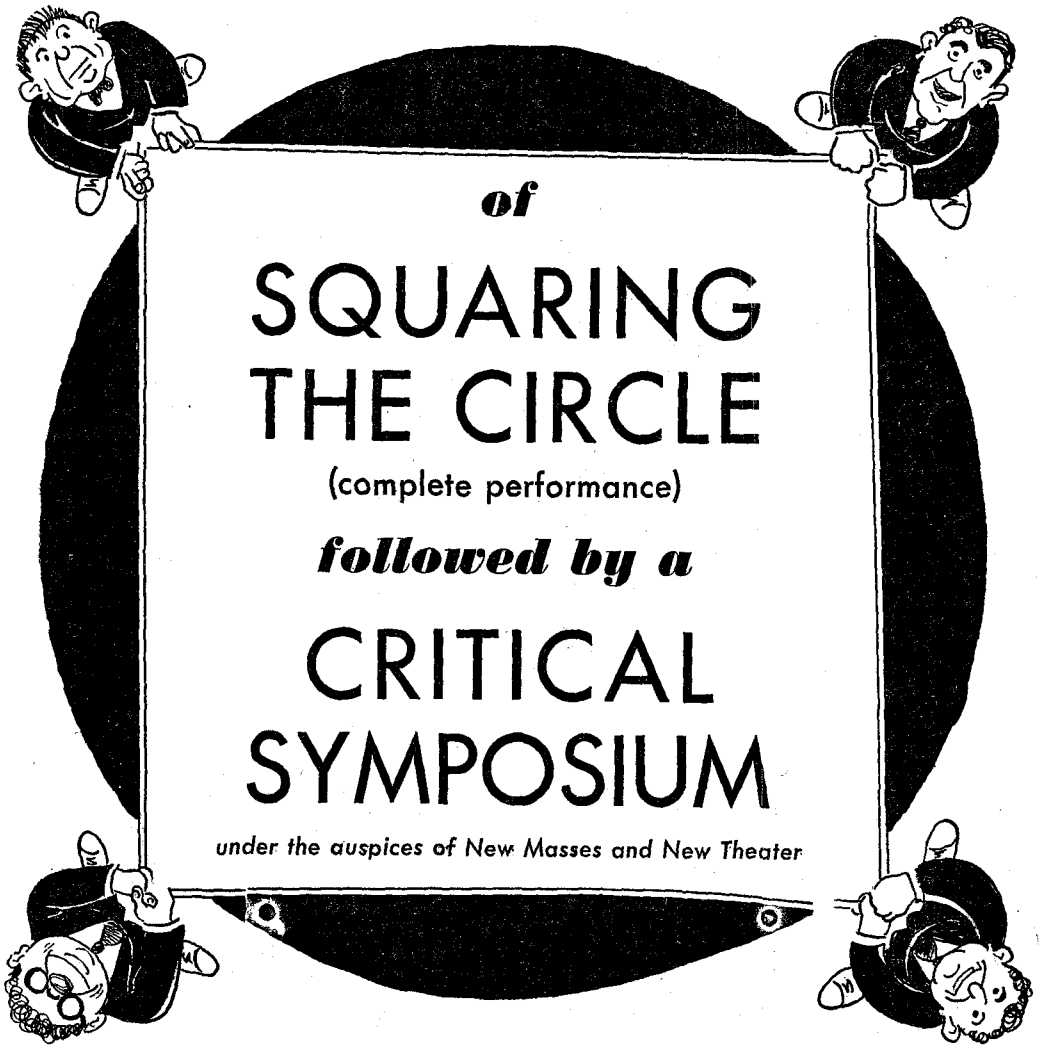
By M. J. OLGIN

Granville Hicks *reviews Ernest Hemingway*

James T. Farrell *reviews "Let Freedom Ring"*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

4 Critics & 3 Acts



of

SQUARING THE CIRCLE

(complete performance)

followed by a

CRITICAL SYMPOSIUM

under the auspices of New Masses and New Theater

See this exciting play from the Soviet Union which has aroused such a tremendous controversy! Then stay and listen to the views of noted critics and those of the management of the play.

The following will speak:

MICHAEL GOLD
of the Daily Worker and the New Masses

HERBERT KLINE
editor, New Theater

STANLEY BURNSHAW
of the New Masses

DMITRI OSTROV
director of "Squaring the Circle"

EDWARD MENDELSOHN
producer of "Squaring the Circle"

GEORGE HELLER
of the cast of "Squaring the Circle"

Tickets: 55 cents to $2.75 (the regular box-office prices) available at the New Masses, 31 East 27th Street, (Orders accepted by mail or phone CAledonia 5-3076) Lyceum Theater Box-office, West 45th Street New Theater, 156 West 44th Street

Nov. 21—Lyceum Theater

FORTY-FIFTH STREET WEST OF BROADWAY

In Next Week's
NEW MASSES

JOHN REED
AND THE WORLD WAR

The first of five weekly chapters from the forthcoming book

by

Granville Hicks

•

U. S. S. R.—
LAND OF PLENTY

by

Joshua Kunitz

The facts behind the recent abolition of the food cards in the Soviet Union

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Masses

NOVEMBER 19, 1935

WINGS OVER ETHIOPIA — *Russell T. Limbach*

The Bomb Scare

THE significance of the recent bomb scare in Milwaukee can be understood only in terms of the industrial unrest which gave it birth. On August 20, employes of the Lindeman-Hoverson Company plant walked out. They were tired of manufacturing Alcazar stoves at non-union scales. From the beginning of the strike huge crowds of workers assembled at the plant daily. The company officials found that it was too risky to haul scabs into the factory, and on October 2 the plant was closed down in an effort to wear down the morale of the strikers. This worked like a boomerang; the company was wearing down its own resistance. On Monday, October 28, the factory reopened with a crew of 200 scabs. Since union meetings are not held on Saturdays or Sundays, the company announced its decision on Saturday, hoping to catch the strikers off guard. The Communist Party immediately issued an appeal for a picket line, and at five A.M. Monday, approximately 500 workers responded to the call. Street cars hauling scabs have been stoned; police cordons have been rapidly increased at the plant; motion picture cameramen are busy taking shots to be used as evidence in the event of "disorderly conduct." Strike meetings were punctuated, for the first time, with speeches by the strikers themselves condemning the inaction of such people as Jirikovic, head of Machinists Local 66, who is doing all he can to curb militancy. Resolutions of solidarity were introduced by progressive unions throughout the city.

ON this scene, so characteristic of "the most peaceable city in the country," a very literal bomb exploded —a whole sensational series of bombs which spread terror through the city. The Village Hall of Shorewood, a well-to-do suburb of Milwaukee, was bombed; two banks and two police stations were badly damaged. No one was hurt, until the bomber, in attaching a fuse to a giant stick of dynamite in an old shed, was blown to bits, together with an accomplice. One child in a neighboring house was killed by the explosion. The bomb-crank was a gift of the gods to the enemies of the striking workers. Hearst's Milwaukee News deduced that since Property and the Police were being attacked, the radicals must be the culprits. The Reichstag Fire had come to Milwaukee. Closely following the journalistic style and content of Herr Goebbels' press, the News attempted to rouse a city-wide anti-red sentiment. In a front-page editorial, the News asserted that the reds had started a "reign of terror" in Milwaukee. The damage was ascribed to "minds warped by the communistic teachings that have filtered in from Soviet Russia and which, be it said to their shame, have been propagated and nurtured by prominent officials of the city and the country." In addition to this attack on the Socialist Administration, the News offered $5,000 reward for the apprehension of the "Reds" and aided in the mobilization of 9,000 vigilantes, mostly American Legionnaires and members of the Law and Order League, controlled by the Milwaukee Chamber of Commerce. Who was this "radical terrorist"? The facts did not appear in the press, though they are well known to the city officials. The young man, Rut-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kowski, was of Polish descent. He had no organizational connections whatsoever. A maladjusted, unemployed youth, he was refused by the C.C.C. camps a few weeks ago because of bad teeth. He had been under the supervision of police and juvenile officers for some time, and as a result of incredibly cruel handling, he had what amounted to a psychopathic hatred of the police. This was his tragically misguided way of "getting even."

THE aftermath of this grim episode has been very instructive. A clear-cut division of opinion on this matter has been revealed within the ranks of the Socialist Party. One attitude is as disappointing as the other is encouraging. When the Socialist Mayor Hoan was interviewed he said he couldn't be bothered by this matter; he did not have "time" to read the Hearst press; he refused to comment on "national issues"; and he saw no political significance in the Hearst attacks. He sees no important threat to the Socialist Party in the growing vigilante movement in Wisconsin; let the Communists worry. On the other hand, Andy Biemuller, of the Socialist Milwaukee Leader, emphatically told his interviewers that the elections next spring will be genuinely *class* elections, that the Socialist Party expects a concerted attack by the reactionaries of both the Democratic and the Republican parties and that Hearst's propaganda is unmistakably fascistic. He stated that any reactionary attack on the Communist Party is an attack on the labor movement. Biemuller hit straight from the shoulder. If the vigilante groups, the Hearst press, and the Nazis are not fought tooth and nail, he pointed out, then not only the Socialist Party and the Communist Party will receive a tremendous setback, but liberal and progressive parties as well. The interview with Hoan on the Milwaukee bombings spelled death and defeatism; the interview with Andy Biemuller looked forward to a broad united front against the tyranny of those forces which have been so clearly revealing their fascist hands in Milwaukee.

Dixie Carries On

THE names of two Negroes have been drawn from a list of 1,200 by Circuit Judge A. E. Hawkins in preliminary steps taken to select a grand jury of eighteen which will meet this week to consider new indictments in the Scottsboro case. Although the inclusion of these names satisfies the requirements of the supreme court decision forbidding discrimination on the basis of race it is by no means certain that the men will sit on the grand jury. Thirty-three other names were drawn and the Negroes may be disqualified or forced to ask to be excused. The date for the new trials cannot be set until the grand jury returns indictments, but it is evident that Alabama officials are rushing their plans to railroad the boys to death. In some respects the defendants are in greater danger than at any time since the first reversal of their case. Public interest has waned to some degree while Alabama has been busy enacting a series of laws designed to forestall another supreme court reversal on technical grounds. These laws, providing for the inclusion of the names of Negroes on jury rolls, are fair on their face but are phrased in a manner to preserve the essentials of the frame-up. The dispatch with which Georgia moved to imprison Angelo Herndon—who will also have his hearing this week—is proof enough that the South is determined to retain, even strengthen, its system of repression.

MEANWHILE there is an alarming wave of anti-Negro sentiment. Eighteen lynchings have occurred this year, a number that does not include the estimated twelve to eighteen Negroes murdered during the Alabama sharecroppers' strike. Last week a Negro was lynched in Tennessee on the charge of slapping a white woman in a Negro saloon. The town marshal reported that members of the mob "were all laughing and seemed like they enjoyed what they had done." A Georgia night watchman shot a twelve-year-old boy and New Orleans policemen killed two prisoners for "resisting arrest" during the same week. The legislature of Texas has petitioned the Democratic national convention to refuse seats to Negro delegates and the same state is casting about for ways to deprive Negroes of benefits of the old age pension laws. In Maryland the state appeals court took under consideration the petition of a Negro student to remain in the state-owned law school. The lower court granted him that right after a vigorous fight by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Pennsylvania Negroes, seeking to take advantage of a recently passed civil rights law forbidding discrimination in public places, are being fought vigorously by hotel and restaurant keepers. In California a C.C.C. youth is facing charges of assault because he protested against discrimination in his camp. Only a vigorous counter-offensive, centered around such issues as Scottsboro and Herndon, can beat back this new wave of terror and discrimination designed to "put the Negro in his place."

Scholarships, Not Battleships

TWO important precedents were broken Friday when thousands of students staged nationwide demonstrations for peace: the number participating was greater than ever before and many college heads were forced to grant official recognition to the movement. Student organizations participating in the demonstration included the National Student Councils of the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A., the Student League for Industrial Democracy, the National Student Federation of America, the National Student League, the committee on militarism in education and student divisions of the American League Against War and Fascism. The program endorsed centered around opposition to military training in schools and colleges, support for genuine neutrality legislation by the United States and an endorsement of the Oxford Pledge, which calls for refusal to support the government in any war that it may undertake. The very fact that organizations so diverse in character have found it possible to unite against war augurs well for the future of the student peace movement.

Down the Saw-Dust Trail

ON THE same day there died the evangelist, Billy Sunday and Henry Fairfield Osborn, paleontologist, better known recently as a booster of God. From any spiritual point of view, Billy Sunday can hardly be said to have adorned the history of religion. His hundreds of thousands of converts melted away with the hysteria that panicked them. It is probable that for most of them the post-revival let-down was steeper than the uplift, and that Billy Sunday contributed considerably to the cynicism that characterizes the state of the nation. From any strict scientific viewpoint, Henry Fairfield Osborn, sterile as a creative worker, holder of unscientific and inhumanitarian racial views, and finally a betrayer

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of science in his compromise with the church, deserves no honorable place in the annals of science. However, in the obituaries and editorial comments in the press, these two were reverently dealt with. They fulfilled capitalist standards of success. Billy Sunday had turned revivalism into a big business; and Henry Fairfield Osborn had run the Museum of Natural History in New York, perhaps the heaviest endowed institution of its kind in the world, on a big business scale.

BILLY SUNDAY, when challenged over the small percentage of his permanent converts, coolly replied: "Any business that nets 10 percent is doing good." He assailed city sinfulness but drew upon what is perhaps the most immoral development of capitalist big city life, its business tricks. Broadway touting and Broadway showmanship were freely used. And finally, as to all big business men, Billy Sunday's chief devil became the revolutionary movement. Osborn's career, though less sensational, was more offensive. He loved bigness. At the time of his death he was working on a book whose mammoth proportions had already been announced as 1,250,000 words. His drives for the Museum of Natural History was always in six figures and the dollar sign predominated in the publicity. He was inordinately vain and the list of his degrees, offices and memberships covered three or four solid column inches of newspaper type. Much more sinister were his Nordic-superiority race theory and his notion of selective birth control which, had it been carried out, would have meant a systematic extermination of the races displeasing to him. But his theory was also his practice. Under his administration, the Museum of Natural History could have been transported to Nazi Germany and been at home. Its personnel was kept pure of Semitic coloring, though there are many Jewish scientists eminent in the fields of research that it covers. Appropriately enough, one of the last of his honorary degrees was awarded him by a Nazi University. The tradition that Osborn leaves behind him is already in operation. A gentleman from Wall Street, without the slightest pretension to scientific attainments, is his successor in the Museum. And the Hayden Planetarium, the latest hall to be added to the museum, is publicized as an aid to religion.

The Utilities Win Again

THE administration met defeat in the first test case of the Public Utility Holding Company Act when District Judge William C. Coleman of Baltimore held the statute unconstitutional last week. Judge Coleman asserted that Congress exceeded its authority under the postal and commerce clauses of the constitution and that the act violates the due process of law requirements of the Fifth Amendment. More interesting and revealing than Judge Coleman's decision was the conduct of the case. It arose when the American States Public Service Company filed a petition asking to be permitted to treat the law as "invalid and of no effect." An intervening petition was then filed by an obscure dentist who is said to own $400 worth of stock in the company. The dentist was represented by a Mr. Davis whom he admitted that he had never seen and did not know. The Mr. Davis turned out to be John W. Davis, Liberty League lawyer, and attorney for the very interests most concerned with having the law declared unconstitutional. Yet he went through the solemn farce of defending the constitutionality of the statute. Government attorneys also intervened but they had no standing except as friends of the court and their contention that Mr. Davis' opposition was a sham was disavowed by the judge who declared that the charge was "not only baseless but unworthy of any representative of our government." In plain words, the decision was a frame-up engineered by utility companies who are determined to defeat the mild reforms of the administration through the federal courts, in many instances presided over by reactionary judges who are appointed for life. Many of them are of the same stripe as Judge Coleman who is a Harvard graduate, a former field artilleryman and an appointee of President Coolidge.

Greece Goes Royalist

GREECE, under its fascist dictator, Kondylis, invites a king and clears out intellectuals. Without a trial, without any charges against them, Kostas Varnalis, its most celebrated living poet, Dimitrios Glinos, a famous educator, and former General Secretary of the Ministry of Education, and Papandreiov, another noted educator, have been transported to the prison island, Aestratis. Vernalis and Glinos happen to be Communists, and Papandreiov a liberal. Those are their crimes. Fascism in Greece chooses to wear a royal cloak and the intellectuals of the nation must go. The move has aroused world wide indignation. Protests calling for the immediate liberation of the three prisoners are pouring in upon Kondylis.

New Masses

VOL. XVII, No. 8 CONTENTS NOVEMBER 19, 1935

Editorial Comment 3
"Fats! Fats! Fats!".....John Strachey 8
Major Bowes' Radio Racket..Henry Cowell 9
Saturday Evening Liar.....Bob Brown 10
There Lived a Man in Our Town
Ruth Crawford 13
The Women's Battalion....Martin Russak 15
Two Poems.....Irving Bard 18
Browder and Roosevelt..Moissaye J. Olgin 19
Correspondence 22
Review and Comment
Small Game Hunting..Granville Hicks 23
A New World Seen Through One Man
Isidor Schneider 23
A Proprietarian Society
Walter Ralston 25
America's Biggest Business
Horace B. Davis 25
The Theater:
Let Freedom Ring....James T. Farrell 27
Art: Orozco's Lithographs
Stephen Alexander 29
"We Make Stars".....Jaspar Gall 29
Mary Burns, Fugitive.....Peter Ellis 30
Between Ourselves 30
Drawings by
Russell T. Limbach. Mackey, Gardner Rea, William Gropper, Jose Clemente Orozco, Hainsly.

EDITORS:
MICHAEL GOLD, GRANVILLE HICKS, JOSHUA KUNITZ, RUSSELL T. LIMBACH, HERMAN MICHELSON, LOREN MILLER, BRUCE MINTON, JOSEPH NORTH, WILLIAM RANDORF.

WILLIAM BROWDER, *Business Manager*

Published weekly by the NEW MASSES, INC., at 31 East 27th Street, New York City. Copyright, 1935, NEW MASSES, INC., Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Drawings and text may not be reprinted without permission. Entered as second-class matter, June 24, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies 15 cents. Subscriptions $4.50 a year in U. S. and Colonies and Mexico. Six months $2.50; three months $1.25; Foreign $5.50 a year; six months $3; three months $1.50. Subscribers are notified that no change in address can be effected in less than two weeks. THE NEW MASSES welcomes the work of new writers, in prose and verse, and of artists. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. THE NEW MASSES pays for contributions.

178

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Organizations and individuals, interested in the preservation of culture, should add their voices to this challenge.

Turmoil in Fascism

UNEMPLOYMENT is rising in Germany. Nazi officials admit that there was an increase of 114,000 in the ranks of the jobless in October and estimate that the number of unemployed now stands at 1,828,000. The German Economist insists that the officials are wrong and that there are 300,000 more unemployed than are shown on labor exchange lists. The increase occurred despite a large public works program and the introduction of both military and labor conscription. Another factor that has favored the Nazis is the feverish activity in the coal and iron industries which have profited from the Italo-Ethiopian conflict and from the domestic armament program. The armament program has been financed entirely through credit expansion but credit facilities have been strained too far and a reaction has set in. Germany is forced to curtail spending and it is characteristic of fascism that the "prestige building" public works program is to be sacrificed. That will relieve the strain on credit for the moment but it will only increase unemployment; foreign correspondents estimate another million Germans will be jobless by spring.

NATIONAL Socialist rulers are meeting the food shortage with their usual methods. Propaganda Minister Goebbels dismissed the butter shortage with an airy "we are making history, not butter" while Air Minister Goering announced that "the iron National Socialist will bends matter. We will not capitulate before a mere shortage of butter or a small matter of too few pigs." While they chatter of "iron will" and "making history," discontent is growing. There have been a number of incipient strikes, news of which has been suppressed, and the annual ratification vote announced by Hitler has been quietly abandoned. The character of the history-making of which the Nazis speak so glibly is easily discernible; it is being fashioned in the Krupp and Thyssen steel works where implements of war are being manufactured to the tune of increased profits. Count Lutz von Krosgik, finance minister, came out in the open in a speech made November 9. "The world must know," he said, "that we cannot exist without increased exports. We must go two ways. The first demands the creation of domestic products. The second demands a share in territories from which we can get raw materials." When National Socialists demand territory they mean the Ukraine; when they demand raw materials they are asking for a free hand to invade the Soviet Union.

The "Lesser Evil" Election

THE results of the recent elections are a warning, and a stern warning, to every progressive person and group in the United States. The Liberty League, sponsored by the great progressive Alfred E. Smith who at the recent Eucharistic Congress in Cleveland read all Communists out of the ranks of the working class, has swept back. It has taken many local offices. In New Jersey, for instance, its mayoralty list, after the late elections, gives them about 42 to 20—or better than two to one. It is, consequently, too bad that the leaders of important organizations of working people, have been, for the most part, pretty much victimized by their ruling class mentors so far as interpretation of European politics is concerned. One could expect naturally that in the United States some outstanding person in the labor movement would have reached some conclusions about the Bruening government that preceded the rise of Hitlerism in Germany. The advice that one could expect is lacking.

LIKE the Bruening government which did everything the big boys in the Ruhr and Rhineland wanted, the Roosevelt administration has gone to extreme lengths to placate the representatives of trustified capital. But it did not work. It may be a little hard for the energetic and sincere boys on the N.R.A. payroll to understand, but the fact remains that the men who run coal, oil, metal, steel, etc., are just about 100 percent against any proposal that implies—even in the most indirect way—that they are not running these industries as a feudal right. The Social-Democratic leaders in Germany tried to explain Bruening as "the lesser evil." All they succeeded in doing was to smooth the way for Hitler.

WHAT'S the answer? It is clear that organized reaction is making its bid for power—openly and unashamedly. There is not a single person who ever fought with miners or steel workers who does not understand what this means. The theory, disastrous to the independence of labor, of ducking the battle by getting under cover with the "lesser evil," shown in full fruition in the last election, has got to be smashed. The problem for our workers is not the "lesser evil" of a Roosevelt giving monopoly capital everything it wants—except the naming of every individual in its setup—but a Labor Party that fights tooth and toenail at every point where the interests of monopoly capital conflict with the interests of the workers and farmers who made this country.

The Strike at May's

THE strike of ninety salesgirls and other employes of the May Department Store in Brooklyn has developed issues which threaten all of New York labor. Eighty-seven of the strikers and their sympathizers have been arrested, five of them are now held on the charge of conspiracy. The penalty, if convicted, is three years. According to the records one of the five, Marcia Silver, faces three years in jail for saying to one of the non-strikers:

> "I thought you were going to come out with us. Wait till we get you; we're going to put pickets in front of your house."

Charge: conspiracy. Bail: $1,000. The strike began three weeks ago when three of the girls were discharged for joining the union, A. F. of L. Local 1250, of the International Retail Clerks Union. The rest walked out on their behalf. They demand higher wages, a decrease in hours from the customary 60 per week, and union recognition. A united front of the police, the district attorney and the magistrates was immediately formed to attempt to break the strike. Exorbitant bail for picketing—$500—was demanded by the magistrates. Many friends of labor are participating in the action. Six members of the League of Women Shoppers have been arrested. This strike has importance far beyond the number of strikers involved. If the charge of conspiracy is upheld, the precedent is one of utmost importance. The Brooklyn authorities appear determined to have their way. The members of the A. F. of L., and all progressives, have no time to lose in coming to the aid of these ninety young girls bravely facing nightsticks and brutal prison sentences.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"THE LANDSLIDE!"

William Gropper

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Fats! Fats! Fats!"

JOHN STRACHEY

LONDON, Nov. 11.

THE German officer was excited. He had taken wine, and besides, such bland incomprehension of his government's plight drove him almost frantic. I met him a few nights ago arguing with two English liberals who were telling him that the return of Germany's colonies would be of no benefit to her.

"But can't you see," said the Nazi, "we must have colonies to sell our goods in. We are shut out from the markets of the world. We have no gold left. If we cannot sell abroad we cannot buy abroad—and we must buy abroad. We must have raw materials and foodstuffs."

"Well, but what in particular must you buy from abroad?" asked some one.

"Fats! Fats! Fats!" cried the Nazi officer. "Fats for butter and margerine, fats to feed our people with through this winter. Unless we can get fats we shall crash in six months. Last time you only beat us through lack of fats—you can only beat us in the same way now."

He said no more, but he had said enough. Not, as a matter of fact, that he was giving any secrets away, for I understand that the Nazi agents now in the City of London trying to raise a loan are openly saying that they must have the money because if they don't the Nazi regime will be overthrown sometime next year. They are blackmailing the British bankers with the threat that unless they get help a German workers' revolution will confiscate all the British money already in Germany, and this is a powerful argument. Loath as the British capitalists must be to help their most dangerous rivals to rearm they are equally loath to risk the overthrow of German capitalism.

The news of Germany's agreement to cooperate in the application of sanctions to Italy is significant and may be serious. It may be the price which Germany has had to pay for the granting of a British loan. If so, it means that unless the National government here is defeated, we have entered on a period of full though no doubt still unacknowledged Anglo-German cooperation. And whatever the British government may desire, that can mean nothing, if the policy is pushed through, except British support for a German-Polish-Japanese attack upon the Soviet Union.

Unfortunately the British workers, even the politically conscious workers, do not yet realize—do not guess—what is here and now going on behind their backs. They feel that all this talk of maneuvers and plots between the various capitalist governments is very much exaggerated. They feel that very likely this sort of thing is being talked over in the most reactionary circles but they do not believe in the governments of Britain or of any of the other great powers embarking on any of these obviously desperate adventures.

All this may have been true even a few years ago but it is no longer true. Today the tension in Europe grows from month to month. There is literally nothing left for the most hard-pressed governments except desperate mad adventures. Italy has already begun hers. Germany cannot wait very much longer.

I only wish all the wise sceptical knowing people who pooh-pooh the idea of Germany marching East next Spring could have heard the passion and desperation in that Nazi officer's voice when he said "Fats! Fats! Fats!" I learned more about the real position of the Nazi regime from the three or four sentences which he spoke than from anything I have read about Germany in the press or in books.

The tension grows. It may be that Germany will be able to wait some months or even in certain circumstances a year or so longer, but no more. Nor is the tension confined to Germany. The antagonisms and rivalries of the capitalist empires cross and recross each other so inextricably that it is impossible for one of them to be helped except by the injury of another. For example, the German agreement to cooperate in the application of sanctions to Italy strengthens Germany by increasing Anglo-German cooperation but at the same time it weakens Italy, for the Italian economic and social position is so tense that even the extremely mild and belated sanctions which may be applied on November 18 may add to the strain of the war and crack the fascist regime.

Clearly the British government's object is to bring Mussolini to terms without bringing him down, but it begins to look as if Mussolini felt that he could not accept any terms short of the complete conquest of Ethiopia, which Britain will not agree to. The tension grows. The one thing which can preserve the peace is unreserved cooperation between France, the Soviet Union, Great Britain and the other smaller League states. If these states were to show themselves resolutely and inflexibly determined to act and to act together against any and every aggressor the fascist states could be held in, for to attack the united League states would be suicide, even for Germany and Italy acting together. In such conditions the fascist states might even be held in until they blew up from their own internal pressure and so were destroyed without war.

But there is no hope of such a policy from the present British government. The way in which such a peace policy can be put into effect is by the election of a Labor government here and a government based on the People's Front in France. If the National government is defeated here a People's Front government is sure to come into power in France. If on the other hand the British National government is returned by a large majority every reactionary force in France will be strengthened. Thus everything turns on the result of the British election. Peace or war, nothing else and nothing less, is the issue of this election.

(These dispatches by John Strachey are appearing weekly in THE NEW MASSES.*)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Major Bowes' Radio Racket

HENRY COWELL

IF YOU were the publicity director of the Chase and Sanborn Coffee Company you would naturally think of a radio program as being one of your chief avenues of reaching that vast coffee-drinking public whom your object is to inveigle into drinking Chase and Sanborn Coffee, and no other.

Yes! But think of the expense of radio programs. Not only does the time on the air have to be paid for handsomely—that is to be expected—but the performers who play on the program also have to be paid. And what makes it so exasperating is that, of course, the performers on the program are really of no importance. They just fill in time, and soothe the radio listeners into leaving your program turned on when the important part comes on the air. That is the part where Chase and Sanborn Coffee is announced. Yet, you are paying so much for the time on the air that you must not fill it with cheap artists who would charge a small fee. The radio audience might gather the impression that the Chase and Sanborn Coffee Company is a cheapskate. That would never do. Still, your duty to your company is to get the best program and pay the least for it. You try to work out, scientifically, the best place to try to save. First, you consider the radio corporation. Not much hope of squeezing the price there. Because you are dealing with a strongly organized corporation. You may fill your program with orchestra or jazz-orchestra music. But there you run up against the musicians' union. The union is dreadfully provoking.

If it only were not for the union, you could get out-of-work orchestra players to play together for almost nothing. But the union is even harder to deal with than the radio corporation. So you turn to soloists. You can get lots of poor players and singers for nothing, or very little; but they will give a poor impression of your coffee. You cannot afford to put on a singer whose tones fall short of what is expected of your coffee hour by the most refined coffee drinkers. Good soloists of this kind cost like the very devil. Those whose names glitter with fame, and who would therefore adorn even a motor company's program, let alone only a coffee program, are usually managed by an agency. The agency is strong, and holds out for high fees. Not only that—you discover you are being made the victim of one of those horrid things, a racket! For the concert agencies who manage the artists of fame that you need for your program, you find to be owned by the same radio corporation from which you purchase your time on the air. So you heave a sigh, and figure that the radio people have you both coming and going. You have to pay them for both the air and the artist.

Suppose that when you are in this depressed frame of mind, wondering how you can possibly show the coffee company your eternal devotion to its interest, someone came along with a proposal for getting your artists all free—that is, all but the proposer. Of course he would be the only one needing pay. He offers a scheme for using exclusively the sort of artists who are always wanting a chance to get on the air.

There will be plenty of them. Never any doubt where your material is coming from, for the proposer of the idea will introduce these artists or would-be artists so cleverly that their human interest story will amuse the radio audience. He will present them so that if their music or other performance is not very good, then the audience will be interested in the person presented. If they turn out to be extra good, so much the better! He will present it in such a light that you can use artists you do not have to pay, and instead of the radio audience thinking you are a cheapskate, it will gather the idea that you are giving poor young struggling artists a chance. You are a fairy godfather who pays all the expenses of giving them a radio opportunity!

Wouldn't you be just overcome with joy if this proposal were made to you? You would be getting your program for nothing, and those whom you would be exploiting wouldn't even know it. They would regard you and your company as the means of their having a chance at success. If they do not turn out to be a success, it is their own fault. Not much chance of a come-back there, you shrewdly and correctly judge.

AS YOU think it over, you envisage for the future something even greater than your coffee company position. Let us suppose that your amateur hour (that is what you decide to call it) becomes very famous, and you have hundreds and thousands of applicants for tryouts. Some among them, having real talent, will make a hit with the public. Since you (and the man who presents the program) are from a public standpoint the discoverers of this new successful talent, what more natural than that you should arrange for its further appearances? You envisage a concert and a vaudeville circuit covering the entire country. You build up the name of one of your "finds" by presenting him several times on a national hookup. Then you give him a salary—a pretty decent one, better than any he has ever earned before—and put him on all over the country. Naturally, with his radio reputation, he draws thousands of dollars worth of auditors to see him in person in smaller communities. You can give him his salary, pay very nominal expenses, and pocket the remainder. Boy, are there money-making chances in this rack—I mean game!

I wonder how much of this went through the head of the real advertising manager of Chase and Sanborn when Major Edward Bowes' Amateur Hour was first put on?

Every Sunday evening a nation-wide audience numbering probably millions listens to this amateur hour program. They delight in it. Major Bowes is clever. He introduces the artists as though they had just wandered into the radio sending room without preparation. He asks them about their home town, their family, their likes and dislikes. The audience gets a picture of them as human beings. Human beings who are not snobbish stage stars, but just ordinary folks like the bulk of the audience itself. It all seems friendly, simply and easy. The auditor gains the impression that if he were to call on Major Bowes at the radio station, he would be given a fair chance. Major Bowes sends out an appeal for any amateur who thinks he has talent to write in for a tryout. Of course, the tryouts are limited to amateurs. It is not only that the amateur status of the artist keeps the radio audience interested even when the talent is not so good, but also there is the consideration that should the talent turn out to be worth exploiting through the circuit, there are no preconceived ideas as to value of artists' services.

It is a human frailty to imagine one's self possessed of stage talent of some sort. Thousands of people believe that if they but had the chance, they would become famous as actors, movie stars, singers, or players. Such people are very apt to think that in Major Bowes' Amateur Hour their chance has come. He offers them opportunity to be heard by millions over the radio. This is in itself an enormous gratification of the ego. And then if they are a hit, he offers them a good salary to go on tour through the country!

Little wonder that Major Bowes receives thousands of letters asking for tryouts; and that many who do not know that they should make appointments in advance come to New York to be heard by him. For some time, there were so many wretched, half-starved wanderers coming to New York thinking that they would be made into stars by Major Bowes that they became a drag on the city. Finding that it was almost impossible to really get on the air in his hour when they got here, they often had absolutely no means of living. The city agencies have little if any provision for caring for such out-of-towners.

It became so bad that now Major Bowes warns those out of New York not to come

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in for tryouts, unless they have means to support themselves, and an appointment. Yet even he is now powerless to stop entirely that which he started. There are still hordes of desperate penniless ones who come to New York to be "tried out."

The letters received asking for tryouts, and the applicants who appear personally, are given careful consideration by Major Bowes' staff. It is to his advantage to discover a talent who will really make a success. But the vast majority of the applicants are dreadfully and appallingly untalented. Nine out of ten present a weakened-down imitation of some popular radio singer, executed with a raucous voice. However, the letters which seem to offer something of interest are answered by the granting of a tryout appointment.

PERHAPS the best way to give a picture of the tryout is to relate the personal experience of a friend of mine who was granted one. She sings folk songs in a delightful manner that has won the hearty appreciation of many really music-loving audiences. Her husband plays a native instrument with her.

She applied for a tryout, writing a letter giving some details of her art—for it is an art! She was overjoyed to receive a special delivery letter from the office of the Major Bowes' Amateur Hour. The special delivery feature seemed a bit flattering, and she felt singled out for special consideration. She did not then know that a special delivery or wire is the standard method of reaching the tryout appointees. The appointment was for four o'clock in the afternoon. Her husband has a job, but for such an exciting event, he got leave to be away from his job for the afternoon, so he could play with his wife at the tryout (he naturally got docked an afternoon's pay). They hurried to be exactly on time, having heard that the radio operates exactly on schedule to the second. So they were there at a quarter of four, at the radio station. After it was confirmed that they had an appointment, they were told to find seats, and that they would be called when their turn came. They were then ushered into a very long hall, very narrow, and with poor ventilation. There were seats along the wall, all the way up the hall. There were over four hundred others waiting, who had appointments. Some had been waiting since the morning. The air was stifling, and some who expected to sing at the tryout were faint and coughing from the bad air. Many had come from long distances. Some of these had no money, some had not eaten for a long time. The time at which they were being called ran from three to five hours behind the time of appointment. Under these conditions, what artist could do his best? The long, long wait, the depressing long line of waiters, and the bad air combine to produce the worst artistic results.

At a quarter after seven my friends were finally called on to perform. They expected to find Major Bowes waiting to hear them. Instead they were ushered into a room with no one except a very worn-out pianist who plays accompaniments. There was a microphone in the room. There was no aid offered as to what to do. My friend, being a woman of experience, decided that she was expected to approach the "mike" and "do her stuff." So she approached it and began. There was no one to help place the singer in the right relation to the "mike." An inexperienced person would not have had the slightest notion of what to do. He might never have seen a microphone, and would not know what the funny-looking contraption in the middle of the room is for. And if he did know the looks of the microphone so that he knew what it was for, it would take some time to adjust himself to the idea that he was to sing into it instead of to a tangible person. Again, he would be almost certain to sing into the microphone instead of across it, which gives a very poor result to the listener on the air. Thus, a person of genuine ability may come and be tried out, and with every condition unfavorable, may not be able to show his ability.

My friend sang two little songs. At the end a booming voice from a concealed loudspeaker spoke (the first indication that anyone was listening to what was being sung into the microphone) saying that if any opening was found for them to appear over the amateur hour, they would be notified, and thanking them for trying out.

That was all. They have heard nothing from it since.

We judge that there is no money to be made through their exploitation.

According to a report published by The New York Post, the performer on the amateur hour is paid $5.00, with the same amount extra if he "takes the gong" (is put off the air prematurely). For introducing the amateurs, the Major receives $5,500 per week. The five amateur vaudeville units which he operates through the country net him roughly $12,500 weekly. The artists are paid from $40 to $65 per week (out of which many expenses must be paid by them) and the local theaters pay an average of $3,500 per week for their services, as a group . . . at least, according to The Post.

There seems to be a slight discrepancy between the salaries.

Saturday Evening Liar

BOB BROWN

THE October 26 issue of The Saturday Evening Post published an article by J. C. Furnas entitled "Leningraduates" a puerile report of the trip made to the Soviet by the summer school of students. An editor's note at the end announced "This is the first of two articles by Mr. Furnas. The second will appear in an early issue."

In the November 9 issue this second article appeared with the sub-title "Red Run-around" and instead of being merely weak-minded it was a malicious lying attack, and the editor's note at the end said "This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Furnas. The next will appear in an early issue."

This extension of plan shows that we may expect a swollen flood from the poisoned pen of Mr. Furnas. The first article was merely sly. It was subtitled "Hadji Professor" and aimed to discount the reports brought back by 250 students who returned satisfied in spite of the summer school being called off. It calls Communism "the intellectual fad of the moment" and says "since amateur radicalism became fashionable a modern pilgrimage to Moscow does afford a certain type of American school teacher the same kudos which accrues to a devout Moslem who has kissed the black stone of the Kaaba."

Having kissed the black bottom of big business himself, Furnas blarneys on about how "it really doesn't matter whether or not the Communists do try to keep tourists away from the skeletons in their cupboards. The human animal's genius for seeing only what he wants to see would turn the trick anyway." Furnas goes on proving himself an animal, but leaving the reader in doubt as to whether he's quite human. His method in this first article is merely sly misstatement, such as "six or seven hundred dollars' worth of enthusiasm for the Red cause can be acquired on a fantastically meager basis of knowledge." The six or seven hundred dollars is supposed to be the cost of the trip, while 90 percent of the students paid but $379 and were excellently equipped to understand the Worker's Fatherland.

Furnas' chronic summer complaint is that the students were victims of "wishful thinking." I happened to be one of the students, described by Mr. Furnas as a teacher "from a Southern labor college, fresh from violent treatment at the hands of vigilantes who objected, with threats of lynching and true Southern tolerance, to having the sharecroppers organized." This makes me a partisan wishful thinker, of course, but I feel that my

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

own observations of the trip are quite as authentic as those of any capitalist partisan.

Furnas says that the students weren't bright enough to follow the advice of one professor: "Look for yourselves and see if the people in the streets look regimented." So he leaves the reader with the feeling that they are being regimented.

He tells of another professor who was most pleased to find a "striking rise in the Russian standard of living in the past two years" and equally disgusted "at the parallel rise of a new bourgeoisie based on the accumulation of power instead of private wealth." As though personal power could be accumulated in the Soviet Union at the cost of fellow-workers.

Furnas points out that "Since we were as innocent of standards as monkeys judging a cattle show, our zeal made us invariably applaud as triumphs of the Soviet system what first-hand experience with such things at home would have made everyday commonplace." Yet a New York baker came running into the New Moscow Hotel with eyes as big and awesome as hot cross buns after his first visit to a Moscow bakery:

"You couldn't get an American baker to believe it," he said. "Why, they turn out dozens of different kinds of loaves from one oven and they're automatically dealt, as fast as a pack of cards, into their own bins. Never touched by a human hand. And these streamline bread trucks that deliver the stuff fresh every hour. It'll be years before we get such miraculous production at home, unless . . ."

Furnas, with real S.E.P. efficiency, bemoans the fact that agricultural machines seen in "impressive numbers" on state grain farms are left in the open "to rust visibly into uselessness," without pointing out that an incalculably higher percentage of all our machinery as well as our human machinery is left in the hands of the exploiters to rust as visibly into uselessness.

He gloats over every piece of plaster that cracks off a Soviet-made wall, every rusty lock or broken hinge he comes across, and if anybody says a new worker's home is better than the best in the Czar's time he comments that the Russian workers must have lived in hollow trees before their revolution. Well, they did, and worse than that, in holes underground, roofed with sod and now preserved in glass by miners in the Dunbas to serve as stimulating museums of capitalistic decay. Of course Furnas elegantly disregards our own slums, sewer dwellers and Hoovervilles and the fact that his class lived in hollow hypocrisy before our revolution never occurs to him at all.

He speaks of "a gigantic field of wheat shocks so skinny and far apart that an efficient farmer would hardly have bothered with a harvest." And then the second bumper Soviet crop is harvested and leaves him and his kind trembling on their last rugged leg.

He even digs up the old lie that third-class passengers on Volga steamers are "scantily supplied with food" while the fact is that third-class meals on all Soviet steamers are not only ample but fully equal to any dollar chicken dinner here at home.

Toward the end of this first article he leaps from murky innuendo to clear-cut lies, saying there is hardly " a lemon to be found in European Russia, and cabbage and empty pea pods are the only green vegetables for sale in the ordinary stores of Leningrad in the middle of summer." Since all Soviet stores are "ordinary" in that they stock the same abundant seasonable goods at the same prices and Russian tea with lemon is known throughout the world, we are only left to wonder what becomes of the peas from empty pods and the lies from empty writers.

The one about the Reds gathering on one hatch cover to sing Red Front and There's a Chain Gang Down in Georgia—to the tune of "A Rainbow Round My Shoulder"—while the Irish answered in a weird antiphony from the other hatch cover with "Mother Machree" and "My Wild Irish Rose" is a lot of sharp-cornered confetti, however told. As a matter of fact, after the Captain of the *Brittanic* forbade the first class to attend the seminars in third for fear of radical contamination and that they'd have such a good time there they'd never travel first again, the Reds bent over backward in trying not to offend anybody. Only on the last night before arriving at Southampton they gathered on a hatch cover at midnight in a drizzle and refreshed their throats with Red songs while the Irish stayed below and took their throat exercises in the bar or over the lee scuppers.

Mildly complaining that "young Communists could not waste time in riot and dissipation" and that few of them smoked much to further enrich Doris Duke, the master ferret missed the point entirely and put it down as "a cruel parody on the camp-fire doings of a children's camp or the uplift end of a Sunday-school picnic." Furnas mourns over the treatment of Trotskyites and regrets (on behalf of the S.E.P plumbing advertisers) "that three out of four Russian toilets have never flushed yet." Well, that last lie is just funny, but I do want to say that during the three months I spent in Moscow this summer I found the modern toilets cleaner and functioning better than the one in the $10 a week New York rooming house I'm using now.

To get through with Furnas's second article, "Red Run-Around" I'll quote the most obvious lies and give plain truths in contrasts:

FURNAS

All foreign newspapers, even foreign newspaper clippings, are confiscated at the border to start the tourist wondering just how this freedom works out in practice.

One of last summer's tourists tried to telephone some old friends in Leningrad—Soviet citizens whom he had known in his student days before the war. They did answer the phone; but when they heard who he was, they frigidly denied ever having heard of him.

A gardener, working on the flower beds round the graves of the revolutionary martyrs in Leningrad, who tried to pass the time of day with a Russian-speaking tourist, found a policeman at his elbow before he had uttered six harmless words.

Nine out of ten of them [the students] succumbed sooner or later to milder or savager versions of what ails you in Russia.

The flavor of most of the butter—something between tarragon vinegar and under-ripe cheese—

Our party got [a] jolt out of hearing from a lady in a Moscow embassy that, whenever she ate outside her apartment, she never dared touch a thing but bread, caviar and mineral water.

Russian brandy—a rawish tipple, but potable.

FACT

I took across the border both ways three big suit-cases full of books, periodicals, manuscripts and notes. The customs workers went through them with polite efficiency and took away nothing.

Put yourself in the Leningraders place, if you had known some Huey Long, Eddie Guest or Father Coughlin in your student days before the war. Would you Mae West him with "Come right up?"

Soviet cops direct traffic and serve the citizens. They have little time to idle at elbows or exchange chit-chat, but maybe this one was off duty and wanted to borrow a light.

One out of ten did get diarrhea in Moscow, the nine out of ten just stuck to chronic American constipation.

Since the Soviet puts no premium on adulteration of foods the butter is pure and sweet. We kept house for a month in Moscow and all our foreign guests remarked on the unusually fine sweet butter, unobtainable in adulterated America.

She might have added Soviet champagne, it's safe and swell. But then, it costs only 90 cents a bottle, too plebian for embassy ladies perhaps.

It is well-aged and not only more potable but more healthful than four-year-old American whisky.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FURNAS

Russian tea, burning their fingers on the glasses it was served in.

"Can you see things you aren't supposed to?" . . . She had vociferously called the bluff of showing you everything and got away with it.

The general sight-seeing expedition—two hours in a rickety bus.

The show places—assuming that there are show places, of course.

As soon as you strike town they collect your passport, and you don't see it again till you leave.

The average American tourist would rather bulldog a stampeding musk ox than board a Russian trolley car alone.

Even the refusal of Torgsin stores—the special foreign-currency shops—to accept Russian currency rouses suspicions only in the more thoughtful, for the spectacle of *a government refusing its own money* is no queerer than several things that have happened to American money lately.

The comrade behind the counter, who often tries to chisel on small sums.

He has tipped a barkeep generously in *valuta* and persuaded him to let him pay for drinks in rubles, and is beating the high cost of Marxism six ways from Sunday by the skilled application of this scrofulous-looking currency.

Most tourists are perfect culture media for Soviet propaganda.

The Russians' willingness to give four or five days' wages for a single dollar.

The tourist gets his Caucasian silver and Russian blouses and vodka at ruble prices figured to what the traffic will bear.

The writer felt no uneasiness about swapping a five-dollar bill for 150 rubles while crossing the Red Square in broad daylight.

More heedless travelers, reverting at once to memories of bootlegging, rushed to smell out sources of black rubles and played them as far across the board as possible, without bothering for an explanation of economic whys and wherefores.

There was a genuine pathos in the squeals of a fleeced innocent, purchaser of a few rubles at three for a dollar from a government guide who had sworn him to secrecy.

Soviet financial regulation which prohibits foreigners from selling things to Soviet citizens for rubles.

Soviet customhouse's being the maddest of all customhouses in the world.

It would be intolerable to let a foreigner get away unmilked.

After ten days in Russia, nobody except a human door mat has a good word for the tourist agency.

It is true that you sometimes get better accomodation than you paid for, but oftener you get worse.

FACTS

Hard to do, since the tea glass is set in a silver container with a handle and the holes in the pattern are too small to stick in even a finger tip.

You can see as much as your eyes will hold. We saw three babies baptized in a Greek church and the babies' hair was clipped by the priest and burned in a holy candle. An eloquent anti-religious museum, this functioning church, and as open to the public as everything else in the Soviet.

The tourist busses are mostly modern and if they quickly become rickety it is the fault of our own General Motors Company that makes most of them and delivers them to the Soviet in pay-through-the-nose trades.

How about the Kremlin, St. Basil's, Parks of Culture and Rest, The Metro, Caucasian Restaurant, Moscow Cafe, or do you prefer the Empty State, the N. Y. Subway and alley games on Closed Play Streets?

After the passport is registered, which sometimes takes a day or two, it is returned at any time.

I boarded perhaps ten street cars a day during three months in Moscow, and always alone. Evidently I'm not an average American because I'd rather do that than bulldog a stampeding subway at rush hour, smelling of hangovers and halitosis.

Torgsin is a trust, not the government. The government doesn't refuse to take its own money, but it does refuse to have exploiters tamper with it.

Not as often as a purser on the *Brittanic* tried to short-change summer school students converting dollars into shilling.

Even bartenders can't be persuaded in the Soviet. The cost of Marxism is the lowest yet recorded. The currency looks no more scrofulous than a ragged dollar bill, though it does get more wear by being passed around more freely.

Not only tourists, all people who stop to think.

Phooey! Accidentally I gave a street car conductress an American dime instead of a ten kopek piece and she thought I was trying to gyp her. I offered to pay a doctor bill in *valuta* and the doctor said it was useless to him. Even the few Russian saboteurs who might be willing to deal in Black Exchange would give only one day's average wages for a dollar on this despicable little blackleg money market largely maintained by foreign correspondents and petty foreign business racketeers.

I paid $1.80 for a hand-embroidered Russian blouse with enough good linen in it to serve as a nightgown too. The price of vodka was 20 cents for the same size bottles that fetches $2 here.

The Dutch Schultz avengers probably felt no more uneasiness while chopping down their enemies in Times Square in broad daylight.

That's just fine and rugged and American of you all, Mr. Furnas.

Dear Fleeced Innocent: Can I trust you with another secret? If such a Bolshy scandal as you suggest had actually happened the Moscow papers would have printed it to prove an exception to the rule that the young girl guides are honorable, studious workers, mostly Comsomols, getting good pay, fine food and fashionable clothes. They are, in fact, no more in need of such petty racketeering as the honorable judges of our own Supreme Court.

There is no such prohibition. I sold a sweater to the porter at the New Moscow right in the lobby and as openly as you bought the bootleg rubles on Red Square. But in the case of the sweater a dozen citizens gathered around, inspected the quality of the wool, asked the price paid and decided that it was a fair deal all around. And certainly it was legal.

Except American customhouses, British, French, Italian, Brazilian, Ecuadorian, Thibetan, etc.

Be more definite. Milked of $4.50 a day for $5 a day accommodations, as the students were? Milked of all human kindness, as the handful of reactionaries were before they came?

After the same shaking ten days in Italy, Switzerland or Heligoland I've never heard even a human door mat utter one good syllable for Messrs. Thomas Cook and Sons or the messers of the American Express.

Since the students paid 10 percent less than the minimum prices they couldn't have got worse than they paid for.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There Lived a Man in Our Town

RUTH CRAWFORD

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

EUGENE DEBS was considered bad for our town. He kept labor dissatisfied. He organized unions. His presence there, so they said, kept factories from locating in Terre Haute. That was the reason the town was not forging ahead along with Gary, Fort Wayne, Evansville and South Bend. Some said he ought to be put up against a wall and shot for knifing our soldiers in the back in 1918. He was causing trouble all the time, tearing down the government.

Others said it was a shame that such a good man got off on the wrong foot. He was smart enough. He could have made a good living if he had tried. He would have been all right if he had not been a Socialist, for a more genial, likeable fellow never lived. But, since he was a Socialist—therefore dangerous and undesirable—it was well not to flaunt his citizenship. When he ran for President, in 1912, for instance, there was nothing in the papers about him until the day after the election. Then there was an account of his election rally at the Opera House. It was worth half a column on the inside page.

But he was kind to reporters, even though they could not get their stories published about him. He understood. It was all right to interview him. The old ones tipped off the young ones that they should see Debs, that it was an experience worth having. So two of us, we were the cubs, went calling one fine morning. This was shortly after Debs' return from Atlanta prison.

One thing I remember of what he said: "I could not have done other than I did. I have been an extremely selfish man. I hope it has been an enlightened selfishness." I remember well, however, the kind of conversation we reporters had on the way back to the newspaper office. It was an embarrassed conversation, a futile attempt to build a bridge back to a world of lies. "They say he could have been President if he hadn't been a Socialist...." "He could have gone to Congress instead of Everett Sanders...." "Socialism would be all right if people were as good as Debs...." "The trouble is he just thinks we are better than we are."

"But the way he talks, it all seems so possible, so simple, doesn't it?"

"Yes, he makes you believe in miracles and Jesus Christ."

"And Abou Ben Adem."

We were silent, each thinking of that radiant face . . . one who so loved his fellowmen . . . and remembering that eloquent voice . . . "while there is a lower class I am in it; while there is a criminal element, I am of it; while there is a soul in prison I am not free. . . ."

"I'm glad we saw him. He'll be great some day, maybe."

"I guess maybe he is great now, only we just don't know it. Don't you feel that way about him?"

We had to judge his greatness solely by the impact of his personality, because we had been told little about him except that he was bad for the town. He kept labor dissatisfied.

HE has been dead nine years now. His name is in the history books. It is also on the advertising literature of the Terre Haute Chamber of Commerce. It reads: "Terre Haute is the birthplace and home of Eugene V. Debs. He lies buried in Highland Lawn Cemetery on the National road, Route 40."

Now that they think he is safely dead they do as the ruling class has always done with those who fought for the oppressed. Publicly they honor him so that the people will still believe in their kind of democracy, an illusion necessary to their own survival. Privately they meet in their council chambers and organize Fascist bands to "preserve law and order in Terre Haute and thus prevent a recurrence of the labor troubles which have given their city so much unfavorable publicity." So they cloak their lawlessness.

Individually these men are decent people. Collectively, however, they act with calloused cruelty in defense of their class interests. They act with the desperation of the fearful. Have they not seen a ghost, a ghost rising from Highland Lawn Cemetery? Has there not been a general strike in Terre Haute and have they not reason to remember again that Eugene Debs was bad for the town? Yes, he taught too well; the men and women who fought that strike are the ones who claim Gene Debs as their own.

Living among them, as has been my privilege, is like being warmed with a fire kindled by a great and good man. Even if one had never heard his name, one would know from these working men and women that a man had walked among them, a man endowed by nature with great gifts, most memorable of which was his love for humanity. His was an enveloping love which somehow was the most personal kind of love. He had a way of making individuals grow in stature. He expected much, and men and women, in his presence, tried not to disappoint him. It is this quality of his which most impresses one when talking with those who knew him in Terre Haute.

Gene Debs was the close friend of hundreds in that one small community. I have seen letters he wrote on learning of a birth, a marriage, or a death. I have heard fathers tell with pride of taking their children to him, children named for him. I have heard men tell how he helped get them started in business. I have heard a woman tell of his long legal battle in behalf of her bereft family; her husband, a working man, was injured. Debs was never too busy to attend to his friends' troubles even though he was away from home.

He was the idol of the newsboys in Terre Haute. He set them up to ice cream sodas when he came downtown. The line formed and there were repeaters. This practice was stopped, not by Debs, but by outsiders who protected Gene from himself. He literally, many times, gave the shirt off his back, so they say.

Debs was a loving man, and out of this love he could do what in others might have seemed an affectation. They tell, for instance, of the time he came home to speak at the Grand Opera House, one of those times when he was running for President. As he came on the platform he saw his old friends, and in the joy of his heart, embraced them. They all remember how at the end of his speeches he always bent in an obeisance to the crowd. "He loved us so well," some one described this act, "that he thanked us for the privilege of speaking to us. He had genuine humility."

Because he loved people he shared with them his own rich culture. The "radicals" still meet in an old church which during his lifetime was headquarters for the Proletarian Literary Society. One of his first organizational activities in Terre Haute was the formation of a literary group. And one of his first ventures—it was unsuccessful—was sponsorship of an evening of readings by the Hoosier poet, James Whitcomb Riley, then unknown.

Debs was the one who brought Susan B. Anthony to Terre Haute, likewise an unsuccessful adventure. He was for woman suffrage. The "suffragettes" always had a place in his election parades. "Votes for Women" slogans were interspersed with "Vote Socialist" banners, while the band played the Marseillaise.

He was always telling the people that they must educate themselves. "You need to know that you were not created to work and to produce to impoverish yourself and enrich an idle exploiter," he said in the famous Canton speech repeated in Terre Haute. "You need to know that you have a soul to develop, a manhood to sustain. You need to know that it is for you to know something about literature, about science and about art. You need to know that you are on the edge of a great new world. You need to get in touch with your comrades. You need to know that as long as you are indifferent, as long as you are content, as long as you are unorganized you will remain exactly where you are.

"You need to know that you are fit for something better than slavery and cannon fodder."

The last are the words that sent Gene Debs to prison.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE portrait of the loving man—the Christlike character, the man who went about doing good—is the one the Chamber of Commerce of Terre Haute would paint today. That is the man they now claim as a distinguished citizen. Let the people forget what he taught. "The most heroic word in all languages is revolution." Gene Debs, the Socialist, is dead. "We insist that there is a class struggle; that the working class must recognize it; that they must organize economically and politically upon the basis of that struggle; and that when they do so organize they will then have the power to free themselves and put an end to that struggle forever." The man who wrote those words lies buried in Highland Lawn Cemetery.

Tourist, turn in the gate to that beautiful cemetery in the rolling hills. The ashes of Terre Haute's honored citizen are there.

But—take care! Let the dead stay dead. Last spring the school board ordered an American flag placed over the inscriptions on a mural in the high school, painted by Gilbert Wilson, young Terre Haute artist. The inscriptions were thus covered because children reading them might think they were sayings from Debs. It mattered little that one of them was from the Declaration of Independence and the other from a speech of Abraham Lincoln. The youth of Terre Haute must be protected from such "dangerous ideas."

But there are not enough American flags in Terre Haute to keep hidden longer the red flag of world brotherhood brought to the working class of that city by Gene Debs when he lived among them. He left behind him men who were well-taught, a handful of leaders, home-town Reds. Like Shubert Sebree, for instance, rank and file trade unionists, unheralded and unsung, plodding on, leading the struggles for relief, organizing unions, uniting the liberal and the working-class elements of the city in the fight against fascism.

And the workers agree with these leaders, those who carry the Debs' torch. They preface their remarks by saying, "It's come out the way Debs said it would."

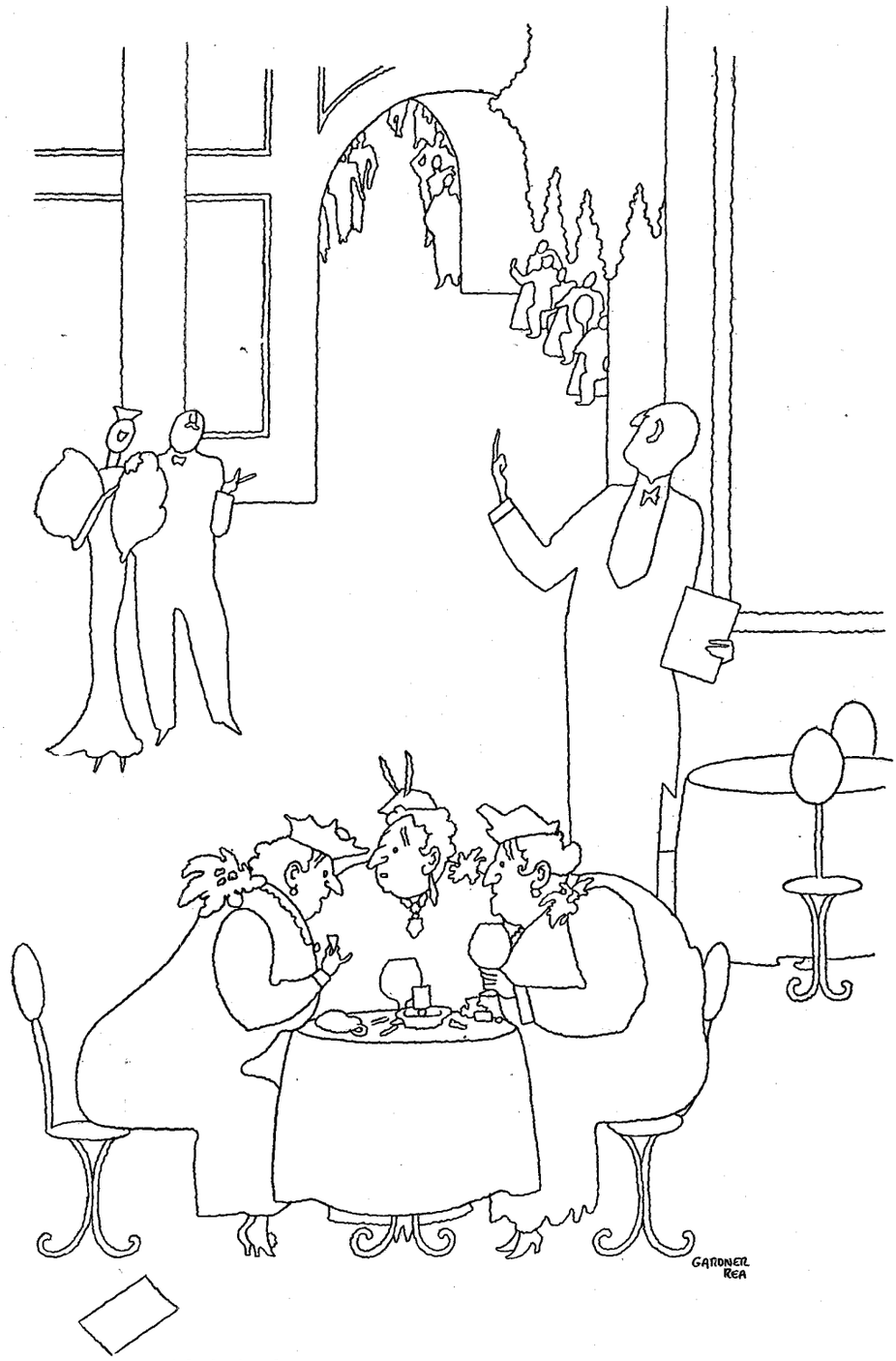
And they see now that Debs was right when he told them they would have to fight in one war, the only just and legal war from their standpoint, the war against the capitalists, the war for the liberation of mankind from wage slavery. They practised, because they had no alternative, the tactic he handed down to them: "When capitalists declare war, it is then for us to declare war on them, paralyze industry by the strike and fight every battle for the overthrow of the ruling class." They answered a fascist attack of their own capitalists with a general strike.

And the headquarters for these fighters are in the only building in Terre Haute which has his name written upon it, the Labor Temple. There is a bronze plaque of Debs at the side of the entrance, the only memorial to the man in the entire city. Here they have been engaged since March in a gallant fight against those whose selfish interests must eventually give way before the victory which Gene Debs visioned.

Out of that fight—the preliminary for a greater struggle — new leaders are coming, leaders made strong in battle, leaders who to the working men and women of Terre Haute are the ones who will carry on. There is Cubby Lark, the coal miner, for instance, one of the general strike leaders. When he was in jail, charged with inciting to riot, those on the outside dubbed him the second Eugene Debs. Thus, to the most militant—the mantle of Gene Debs!

It matters little that Gene Debs, the revolutionist—"I am a Bolshevik from the crown of my head to the tip of my toes"—it matters not that he has become "respectable enough" for Chamber of Commerce folk to use in an advertisement. Nor does it matter that they put American flags over ideas that might have been spoken by him. He was not theirs.

Those who were his own—those valiant trade-unionist fighters can be trusted to take care of the final and fitting memorial to Eugene V. Debs. That memorial must and will be a society of men and women in which there will be not one Debs, but tens of thousands growing to the stature of that great revolutionist and lover who lived, and still lives, in our town.



"My husband says that what this country really needs is a good strong regency, with Buzzie Dall or Baby Leroy for king." *Gardner Rea*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Women's Battalion

MARTIN RUSSAK

IT WAS at the Bamford Mill, the same week, toward the end of the second month of the Great Strike, that the first serious break threatened the ranks of the strikers. The Bamford Mill bosses had succeeded in recruiting a number of scabs, for several successive days the police had beaten the picket lines back from the mill and each day the number of scabs had increased. The Manufacturers' Association was obviously concentrating here in an effort to break the strike mill by mill. The Strike Committee set the morning and issued the call for a mass picket demonstration at the Bamford Mill. It was a critical occasion; the arrival of a head-on test of strength.

That the strikers were able to emerge victorious is due, as everyone acknowledges, to the famous incident of the "Women's Battalion." Many people still ascribe to Margaret Ryan the idea of inspiring this deed of the women. She has declared she had nothing to do with it—refusing, with characteristic honesty, to accept a glory falsely thrust upon her. In fact, the idea can be traced to no individual. It arose among *the women,* a source beyond which it's hardly possible to go. Frieda Miller and the two Farrell sisters are known to have made some necessary preparations. When you ask them, they say the idea was not theirs. It had been suggested to them, in one form or another, by a number of women. It was one of those things, in a strike, which cannot be announced from the platform if it is to be done, and of which the Strike Committee knows nothing until it is done.

In the deep night, towards four o'clock of the morning set for the picket demonstration at the Bamford Mill, a band of women stood clustered on the sidewalk in the middle of the Main Street bridge. They were between thirty and forty in number, some bareheaded, and all in coats or sweaters, for the night air was chilly. They were waiting, half-awake, nervous, shivering, for several women to arrive. They held in their hands a varied assortment of household utensils. A number of them had a pot and a rolling pin. One had a brass pestle and mill; another, a hand bell; a third, a large baby's rattle. Frieda Miller stood in the midst of them. It was around her that the band was gathered; even Amy and Janet Farrell, tall and dominating in their self-sufficient taciturnity and Rose Krackower, whose bulky and assertive personality was a source of strength, pressed close to her. It was at her suggestion that the middle of the bridge had been fixed upon for their rendezvous. Here, in darkness, detached from the houses of the adjoining streets, with the approach at either bridgehead illuminated by a street lamp, they could most securely gather for their operations in the Temple Hill section below the Bamford Mill.

Those who knew Frieda Miller at that time recall her as an attractive woman of thirty-one or thirty-two. Full and well-built in stature, though not as tall as the Farrell sisters, her shoulders level, back straight, bosom high and firmly rounded, she still retained in her throat, arms and ankles the slenderness and agility of girlhood. She was hatless and wore her profusion of rich brown hair, on this occasion, in a braid wound up at the back of her head. Her eyes had all the warmth and liveliness they were never entirely to lose, her smile broke with its old quickness, and her teeth, small and somewhat uneven, were still white. The eager naivete of her spirit had grown sober with the rigors of motherhood and adult existence in working class life. Her intimate friends were aware, also, of her deeper thoughtfulness of mood, and a new fortitude in the lines of her mouth, in her more serious bearing and the more direct glance of her eyes. The calamity of the recent past, her own sufferings and those of her husband, had searchingly visited her.

She stood watching the illuminated bridgehead by which the last of her band had to arrive. Only a few minutes lacked of the hour for the bold sortie they had undertaken in secret. Though looking forward to their adventure with quickened pulses and an apprehensive excitement, sleep still weighed upon their eyes, and they conversed in whispers, overawed by the vast repose of the surrounding city. Thick darkness, the darkness before dawn, prevailed. Except for the street lamps, not a light broke the obscurity of the mills and houses on either bank. The river, swollen with spring floods, washed and splashed against the supports of the bridge, its black flow of water reflecting rippled glimmers from the lamps. Upstream, the heights of the Falls protruded a deeper darkness upon the sky. Faint stars gleamed overhead in the misty night. Rose muttered her contentment at the indication of a clear day.

"Here she comes," someone whispered.

The last woman of the band approached from the side opposite the hill. She hurried across the lighted bridgehead, her skirts pulling tight at every stride, and her heels clicked on the pavement with extraordinary loudness.

"It's about time!" "Didn't you bring anything, Alice?" they whispered.

Alice pulled out from under her coat an elongated object. "I sure did—my kid's Fourth of July tin horn!" She held it up proudly. "I hope I can make as much racket with it as he does."

All turned to Frieda Miller in readiness. A muffled dispute arose as to which street they should start on.

"What's the difference?" said Rose. "Let Frieda lead and we'll follow her. Don't you think so, Amy?"

"Yes," Janet replied. "You go right ahead, Frieda. Just tell us when to begin."

Pushing closely behind Frieda, they crossed the bridge, trembling with nervousness. Instead of turning first into Water Street, as some had demanded, she went straight ahead into Temple Street. Beyond the old Dutch church she led them out into the middle of the road and halted.

She faced them. "If anybody is scared and wants to go home, go now," she whispered.

They looked at her without flinching. No one spoke. Susie Miller, shivering, moved close to her.

"All right. Now remember, we don't stop for nothing and nobody. Stick together and keep right on moving, because we've got a lot of streets to cover."

She lifted her basin in one hand and a wooden ladle in the other. "Are you ready?" she whispered.

"Ready," they whispered back, holding up their utensils.

"Ready, set, go!" she cried in full voice and banged the ladle against the basin.

All together, they whacked their pots and pans. A detonating and clanking din shattered the stillness of the night. Rolling pins banged against pots; the hand bell jingled; the brass pestle clanged in its brass mill; two Polish women, each armed with a pair of large pot lids, crashed them together like cymbals; the woman with the baby's rattle shook it inaudibly — before, when she had shaken it by accident on the bridge, its noise had frightened them; Alice fetched peal after peal on her tin horn, her cheeks distended, until she had to pause for breath. It was a band of music which would have broken Otto Schultz's heart, reminding him of the composers who, he used to sigh, were destroying his beloved art of harmonic melody. Schultz would have forgiven this band, for they were not thinking of music. Their aim was the production of noise, and they achieved an uproarious success. They marched forward in the middle of the road, women who blushed at the thought of committing an immodest or undignified act in the public street; now their heroism in the common struggle made them oblivious of themselves, and as unconscious of dignity and modesty as children.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the houses on both sides of the street windows were flung up and startled faces peered out toward the amazing clatter in the darkness which had shocked them out of sleep: here a woman in a nightgown with loose hair falling over her shoulders; there a man in tight-fitting, long-sleeved underwear; at another window a man, his wife clinging frightened to his arm, called out, "What's the matter? What's happening?" and in the next house a fellow with a coat thrown over his underwear, rubbing his eyes, ran out barefoot on his porch.

As soon as these signs of awakening appeared, women began to add voice to their night alarm. Janet Farrell commenced shouting in her gruff masculine tone.

"Wake up for the picket line! Wake up for the picket line!"

Screaming and yelling, the rest took up her cry. "Wake up! Wake up!" "Everybody to the Bamford mill!" "Stop the scabs!" A trio of fat Italian women, accompanying themselves with rhythmical clanks of their pots, shouted: "No sleep! No sleep! Picket line Bamford mill!" The two Polish women yelled: "Come picket, win strike! Come picket, win strike!" They passed through the light of the corner lamp and around into the side street with a clangor of brandished pots and pans, Alice's tin horn pealing, heads tossing, arms writhing, mouths open in full cry; and in the daylight of the next afternoon men swore that they saw at least a thousand of them.

Their alarm preceded them, bursting like a convulsive nightmare down the quietude of the vacant street. Here and there in the dark two-story frame tenements on either side lights came on. Up ahead people in various stages of undress and with expressions of fright, astonishment, or excited comprehension were already leaning out of the windows. From the houses left behind several hastily dressed women, from one a couple of girls, came running out to join the band.

"Why didn't you tell us?" the girls cried.

"Well, you're here, ain't you?" someone replied. "Come on, nobody sleeps!"

"Don't try to save your pots, you've got nothing to cook in them anyway!" Rose yelled.

Little Susie stuck close to Frieda. She looked up with confidence into her sister-in-law's face, taking courage from her boldness, and repeated in thin tones her Frieda's strong shouts. Susie was wearing her husband's sweater. The sleeves were too long for her, and to keep them from slipping over her hands she held her pot up high and banged it over her head.

THE mood of the women changed. While gathering on the bridge they had been irresolute and apprehensive before the silence of the lifeless streets and the vast night. When they had whispered "Ready" to Frieda Miller their faces were set in desperation, and at the first crash of their utensils they had experienced a thrill of dread at their own daring. Now, sweeping around into still another street in the full swing of their undertaking, with people hurrying to doors and windows, calling to them, and more women running out to join the band, the whole thing seemed a very easy adventure. Their heroism turned into fun. Their earnest shouts became gay outcries. From time to time all voices joined together in a unified chant: "Wake up! Wake up! All out to the Bamford mill!" The neighborhood bustled, filled with sounds of activity, roused to their summons. They laughed and yelled jokes at the awakened men in underwear. This roadway under their feet, these houses, this immensity of darkness surmounted by its stars — they had stormed it all with their pots and pans, they had seized possession of it. These mothers felt a sense of unimagined maternity, a stirring of superhuman powers of birth; their motherhood embraced the city and the night and the stars of spring, and they were joyfully awakening their multitudinous family to the first pale glow of dawn.

A man, half dressed, rushed down off his stoop and shook his fists at them from the curb as they approached yelling and clanging their summons to the Bamford mill, almost a hundred in number.

"Stop it! Stop it!" he shouted. "You've got no right to do this—you're disturbing the peace! Stop it or I'll call the police!"

He surprised them into momentary silence.

"Who are you!" Frieda Miller cried.

"I'm a peaceful law-abiding citizen and I won't stand for this. Stop it or I'll go for the police and have you all arrested!" he raged, shaking his fist.

The Women's Battalion broke into yells.

"He's a strike-breaker!"

"He's a boss!"

"He's a scab!"

"He's a rat!"

"Let's chase him!"

Frieda Miller, with Susie at her elbow, Rose, Janet, Amy, Alice, and a few others, detached themselves and crowded around him. "Are you for the strikers or the bosses?" "What right have you got to talk that way?" "We can't feed our kids on your laws!" "Go ahead and call the cops!" "Tell it to Sweeney, we ain't afraid of jail!"

Susie, transported with daring, flapped a dangling sleeve at him and raised her voice in a scream heard by everyone. "Better send your wife, there's a thousand more of us coming over the bridge and they'll chuck you in the river!"

The Battalion broke into laughter. Alice sidled up to him. "Oh dear me!" she whined. "Is the big bad man going to call the big bad cops?" With a quick movement she lifted her horn and blew a peal directly into his face. He staggered backwards, his hands to his ears.

"Arthur," cried a woman from the window of his house, "you come away from those hussies, do you hear me? Come right back into the house, you'll catch your death of cold!"

"Arthur, do you hear me, Arthur!" the women laughed. "Go creep back into bed with your old lady! She's afraid we'll take you away from her!" Those who had lingered for a few last jeers at the man and his wife hurried after the main body, which had swept on up the street.

Frieda Miller had that evening discussed with the Farrell sisters, and dismissed, the possibility of an encounter with the police. They knew this part of the city well. She had herself lived for years on the hill; the two old maids had lived nearby twenty years. It was a thoroughly working-class neighborhood, nearly every house inhabited by mill hands, all of them now strikers. They knew the habits of the police in such a section of their industrial town. At midnight a policeman turned the doorknob of every store to make sure it was locked, and from then until daylight not one of the blue-coated gentry would be met with. If police were called out against them—well, that was a matter they had faced every day since the strike began. In fact, the Women's Battalion carried through its undertaking without opposition from the forces of the law. The police department had been "working overtime" for two months; and on that night every policeman who could be spared was sleeping at the police station in preparation for duty at the Bamford Mill.

Banging their alarm, yelling their summons to awake and go forth, the women swarmed around the corners, through street after street. The whole sky had grown pale with dawn as they entered Matlock Street. Here a new incident occurred. At a top floor window of a two-story frame house without porches or stoop and with a flat roof, a man was struggling with his wife. She held on to the window sill and he was trying to pull her away. The Battalion halted in the road and looked up at them. People, already roused out of bed by the band of awakeners, thronged the windows and doorways of the nearby houses.

"He won't let me go out, he won't let me go out!" the woman screamed.

The women stopped banging their pots and began to yell.

"Leave her alone!"

"Shame on you!"

"You big brute!"

The man continued tugging at his wife's shoulders. "None of your damn business!" he shouted furiously. "She's going to stay home—I won't have her running around and getting into trouble!"

One of the women pushed through to their leader. "I know her, Frieda. I used to work with her at Pelgram-Myers. What do you say we go up and get her?"

Frieda nodded. She did not say a word, she seemed oblivious of what was going on. A dozen women ran into the house; their feet could be heard tramping up the stairs inside. It was a long time since Frieda Mil-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ler had passed through this street. But she knew that house and its stairs intimately. Philip Taubert had lived in its upper flat. About her the women resumed the clatter of their utensils; she stood motionless, mournful, gazing at the house. With victorious cries the rescue squad tumbled out of the entrance, the woman of the upper flat in their midst. The Battalion let out a cheer; people in the doorways and windows laughed; Alice blew a peal on her horn; Rose yelled to the abandoned window above: "Come and get her on the picket line at the Bamford Mill!" and the band moved on with its din. Frieda roused herself, gave her head a little shake, and hurried to get back to her place in the front ranks.

AT ABOUT six o'clock the Women's Battalion, its work finished, was resting at a corner halfway up Temple Hill. The first glints of sunshine sparkled on the roofs of the houses below and around them. Hardly a person stirred in the streets. The inhabitants had flocked to the Bamford Mill by way of its main approach through Hamburg Avenue. Children came out of the houses to stare at this extraordinary array of womenfolk, many of them sitting on the curb and the stoops. They were tired, thirsty, hungry, hoarse, speechless. They looked around at each other in bewilderment. Could it be they who had been on that wild excursion and made the clattering din and turmoil of shouting in this quiet neighborhood? Had it all been a fantastic dream in the night, from which they were now awakened? Those dim, enlarged, courageous shadows banded together in a chill darkness filled with uproar and movement had emerged into a warm spring morning, and to each one her bedraggled companions appeared strangely ordinary in the common daylight. They looked at their dented pots and pans, smiling at the remark that no cooking could ever be done again in those utensils, but all faces became serious when someone else said: "Better hold on to them—there's no telling what may happen on the picket line." The warning reminded them that they had rested long enough. It was decided to push on up the hill. Although this would bring them out at the back of the Bamford Company's textile plant, it was the shortest way.

The Bamford Mill stands on the slight declivity just beyond the top of Temple Hill. It extends for a whole block on Belmont Avenue. Cliff Street, sloping from the crest which overlooks the city, runs down along the side of the mill, and ends at right angles into Belmont Avenue. At this point Belmont Avenue is a valley; across the street from the mill is a steep hillside, open ground in those years.

On that morning the hillside was covered, from the sidewalk to the houses at its top, with a great crowd of strikers. The first throngs, arriving at dawn, had been at once driven off the sidewalk of the mill by a large force of police already posted there, and had retreated to the open ground across the street. Those who came later had been prevented by the police even from entering into Belmont Avenue, and had gone around through adjoining streets to gather on the hillside facing the mill. Additional thousands, unable after a while to find room on the hillside, stood packed behind a police cordon on Belmont Avenue, a block above the mill, to the left of the crowd on the hillside. To the right the street was being kept open. From that direction the scabs would arrive.

It was a sullen multitude standing in the full shine of the low morning sun. No mass outcries arose from it. They looked down in glum silence at the police strung along the middle of the road; at the brick wall fencing the mill from the sidewalk; at the mill yard on the other side of the wall, from the center of which towered a black chimney with the four lightning rods at its mouth like straws against the sky; at the low, gabled weave sheds at one side of the yard; at the huge main structure of the mill rising behind its outbuildings. They stared at the gate in the outer wall, closed now, but soon to swing open and admit the two bus loads of scabs, perhaps three today.

Here and there a man looked around in angry contemplation of the great size of the crowd and scornfully declared: "We've got the right to picket! Why don't they just walk across the street and picket—they're so many and the cops are only a few!" Those who heard became still more silent and irritated: everyone knew this type of individual who said "We" in speaking of rights, and "They" in urging action on behalf of the same rights. The crowd needed no lecturers to make it feel its mass. It saw before its eyes the helplessness of the hundred-odd policemen with their hundred-odd clubs should it let itself swarm down the hillside like an avalanche. Everyone realized that in a few minutes the scabs would appear, would ride safely into the mill, that a deathblow

"Don't take it now, wait'll they hit the cops back!"

Ernest W. Hainsly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would be struck against their hopes for better wages and an Eight Hour Day—hopes lying at the heart of their existence. Yet the great crowd stood motionless. The police had to make no efforts to keep them on the hillside. To be an avalanche they all had to move with one impersonal momentum; and each of them was shrinking back from his or her own desire to rush forward. The captain in charge of the police betrayed, in his uneasy movements near the mill gate, that he too, perhaps, was thinking of an avalanche. He turned and gazed nervously down the avenue.

WHAT happened in the next minute was so completely surprising that, though it took place within full view of the immense throng, the details became clear only when reconstructed from memory later on.

The side street running back along the mill was empty. Nothing could be seen from there, and the strikers had gathered either on the hillside or in the additional crowd farther up the avenue. Even the police had their backs turned to that harmless side street. From around the corner of it, in utter silence, a column of women in orderly ranks appeared and debouched on the sidewalk in front of the mill. And what a column of women!—tired and bedraggled, and dressed in coats and sweaters as though they had no idea that winter was over and the air balmy with spring, and each one of them holding a pot or a pan or a household utensil of one kind or another, one of them with a baby's rattle and another with an old-fashioned brass pestle and mill. An attractive brunette with a wealth of hair done up in a braid at the back of her head marched in the front rank carrying a dented basin and wooden ladle. On one side of her was a stout, matronly woman and on the other side a little creature in a sweater with sleeves dangling over her hands.

The police had been taken unawares, and the first rank of the column, which numbered some two hundred, reached almost to the mill gate before the captain and several policemen could run up to head them off. Frieda Miller and others of her band later in the day recounted how astonished they had been upon entering the side street along the mill. They had expected to see and hear a great noisy picket line around the mill, and had arranged themselves in a column in order to march triumphantly into place among the pickets. They saw nothing, heard no sound. Apprehension seized them. They advanced in silence around the corner, not knowing what to expect, and with a confusion of fear, disappointment and curiosity.

Thousands on the hillside recognized them at once. These were the wild women who had roused them out of bed and had spread that magnificent nocturnal alarm through the streets! "It's the Women's Battalion!" someone shouted. Many voices took up the cry: "The Women's Battalion!" and the band received the name by which it has since been known. The crowd gave them an amused and vociferous cheer. No one expected that they could succeed in picketing, no one doubted but that in another minute they would be chased away from the mill.

But that attractive brunette in front—look at her!—she wasn't stopping at all, she was shouldering her way through the captain and his men, and the column was still moving toward the mill gate, pressing closely behind her. By God, they were not retreating, they were sticking to it, they were advancing! The crowd became taut, a thrill vibrated over the massed faces, they hung on the slope like a suspended wave.

The police, closing in around the column, looked at the captain. The captain hesitated. No doubt he flinched before the act of ordering a clubbing of these women isolated in full view of the great throng. There may have passed through his mind, as some say, a consciousness of the protests against police brutality, which had been pouring into his Chief's and his Mayor's office from all over.

In the moment of his hesitation and of the crowd's wave-like suspension, one of the women, somewhere in the middle of the advancing column, raised a Fourth of July tin horn to her lips. With all the force of her lungs she blew a resounding peal. The tone of that horn was raucous, piercing, clangorous. It had a lusty holiday sound and the flourish of a defiant challenge. It had the effect of an explosion.

With one unanimous impulse the wave broke. In a swarming, seething, uproarious mass the crowd surged down the hillside, into the street, to the wall of the mill. From up the avenue the additional multitude rushed forward irresistibly. The police were overwhelmed, drowned. To have used clubs against that onrush, even had there been time, would have been like clubbing a flood. At the corner below the mill, the busses transporting the scabs appeared. Police, struggling to extricate themselves from the tumultuous masses, signaled frantically. No signal was necessary; passage was impossible through the milling multitude. The busses backed away and disappeared, pursued by the nearest throngs.

Of itself the crowd resolved its chaos in a miracle of swift organization. The confusion became ordered into a broad, solid column. Everyone moved, dozens of leaders sprang up, the Battalion no longer existed in those gleeful masses. In a few minutes a complete marching ring, thousands upon shouting thousands of men and women, encircled the mill on all four sides. A new ring had been forged to replace the broken link of the strike.

Two Poems

IRVING BARD

We Shall Come

My heart flutters
When I see a Salvation Army lassie.
Thin face uplifted to heaven,
She haunts street corners
And shrilly sings the love of Christ.
"Come unto the Lord"
she chants,
unto the Lord
unto the Lord.

And a strange uneasiness
Creeps into our souls.
If the Lord has a kitchen
And the kitchen has food,
We shall come unto the Lord.

In a Free Land

Who shall deny
The marvel of this land?
The sky is beautifully blue
And all may gaze upon it;
The earth is firm and strong
And all may stand (or starve) upon it.
There is food and drink aplenty
There is comfort, there is luxury,
And we may look upon it
dream upon it
brood upon it
In this land of wonder.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Browder and Roosevelt

MOISSAYE J. OLGIN

SOMEBODY ought to make a systematic comparison between the papers collected in the book of Earl Browder[1] and the speeches made by Franklin D. Roosevelt during the period between his nomination for the presidency and the nullification of the N.R.A. Browder's papers — reports at Communist Party conventions and plenary sessions of its Central Committee Party manifestos, speeches before meetings of the Executive Committee of the Communist International and before mass conferences of non-Party manifestos, speeches before meetings of the Executive Committee of the Communist International and before mass conferences of non-Party workers in America, along with magazine and newspaper articles—appeared during the same period. The political and economic questions dealt with in Browder's papers belong to the same category as those often appearing in Roosevelt's speeches: unemployment, recovery, social security, the farming situation, current legislation, world peace.

It would be a captivating study. It would reveal not only differences in viewpoint, in personality. It would reveal, more than anything else, the unbridgeable gulf, the irreconcilable antagonism between the doomed bourgeoisie and the opposing proletariat rising to reshape the destinies of mankind. The study would require a whole book. But what a book that would make!

Without attempting a detailed comparison, let us visualize a few points. Let us remember that Roosevelt is by no means an inferior representative of his class. He is no Coolidge, no Harding. He is supposed to have a grasp of economic and social problems. Moreover, at one time he was considered a world leader of capitalism. It was assumed that his N.R.A. pointed the way out for the capitalists not only of America, but of all other countries. He was considered by millions of people a kind of miracle man who could make capitalism function again to the good of both capital and labor. We do Earl Browder no injustice when we compare his analysis with the analysis of a man like Roosevelt. For it must be borne in mind that Roosevelt was equipped not only with his own allegedly profound understanding of the mechanism of economy, but also with the aid of innumerable specialists commonly known as the "Brain Trust." Last but not least, Roosevelt had at his disposal the machinery of state of one of the largest and most advanced countries in the world and, though for a brief time, the support of an overwhelming majority of the American people.

Pose against him the Secretary-General of a party whose membership at no time went beyond 30,000. With what disdain some "leading Americans," admirers of astronomical figures, dismiss the Communist Party on account of what they consider its negligible size. The Party is small, indeed. The man Browder is comparatively young. He has emerged as an outstanding leader of the Communists only within the last few years. He cannot even modestly refer to his Harvard years. He had no apprenticeship in the governor's mansion of a great state where he could learn political and social problems in the process of practical legislation. He is fond of saying that he received his degree in the Leavenworth Penitentiary where he spent some three years for opposing the war. He has no brain trust, except of course, the functionaries of the Communist Party who come together once in a while to discuss the problems of Party work and whom no college president would consider eligible for a Ph.D. degree in economics or politics, let alone professorship. Of course, he has the supervision and guidance of the leaders of the Communist International, but ask any smart anti-Red freshman and he will tell you that "Moscow" knows nothing about our United States—and besides, their theory is all cock-eyed and does not work even in Russia.

The advantages seem to be all on the side of Roosevelt. When Roosevelt speaks, he speaks to a nation, sometimes to a world. When Browder speaks, he speaks at best to a Madison Square Garden audience. If he makes a tour of the country, the number of his listeners will not exceed 100,000. It would seem from a purely human point of view that the greater the audience, the greater must be the responsibility of those who address it. Under a "human point of view," one that would consider the physical and spiritual well-being of those addressed.

And yet—what a contrast! Three years is a very short time. But compare all the sonorous phrases, all the ingratiating platitudes, all the grandiloquent programs and plans of recovery heralded by Roosevelt—with the reality the country is facing today (remember, for example, the "driving out of the money lenders from the temple" and "no man, woman or child shall go hungry") ask yourselves what proportion of all these utterances has proven correct. On the other hand, take these papers by Earl Browder produced at different times, read each one of them most carefully in the light of present conditions. You will find that the appraisals of the varying situations, the characterization of social forces, the forecasts made by Browder in a rapidly shifting social scene have proven fundamentally correct. Every sentence in every chapter of Browder's book covering these three years is valid today. In contrast to this, nearly every statement made by Roosevelt as to the present and future of economic and social conditions fails to hold water. They have all proven to be shams, mere phrases.

Here is a sample of Browder's vision:

> The first acts of a revolutionary workers' goverment would be to open up the warehouses and distribute among all the working people the enormous unused surplus stores of food and clothing.
>
> It would open up the tremendous accumulation of unused buildings—now withheld for private profit—for the benefit of tens of millions who now wander homeless in the streets or crouch in cellars or slums.
>
> Such a government would immediately provide an endless flow of commodities to replace the stores thus used up by opening all the factories, mills, and mines, and giving every person a job at constantly increasing wages.
>
> All former claims to ownership of the means of production, including stocks, bonds, etc., would be relegated to the museum, with special provisions to protect small savings.
>
> Such a government would immediately begin to reorganize the present anarchic system of production along socialist lines. . . . Such a socialized reorganization of industry would almost immediately double the existing productive forces of the country. . . .
>
> With the establishment of a socialist system in America, there would be such a flood of wealth available for the country as can hardly be imagined. Productive labor, instead of being a burden, will become a desirable privilege for citizens of the new society. The wealth of such a society will immediately become so great that, without any special burdens, tremendous surpluses will be available for use as free gifts to the economically backward nations, in the first place, to those which have suffered from the imperialist exploitation of American capitalism . . . to enable these peoples also to build a socialist society in the shortest possible time. (Pages 19-20.)

Does it sound like a dream? The reader of the book will discover that this is not a figment of Browder's imagination but a description of what is bound to come in the United States. It is a more realistic description than any of the practical forecasts made by any capitalist apologist.

The starting point of Browder's argument all through the book is that while capitalism in the United States can no more secure a decent living for the masses of the people, while it can only pass from economic crisis to economic depression on the basis of the general crisis of capitalism, with the accompanying miseries and horrors for the masses, the country is ripe for socialism. The ac-

---

[1] *Communism in the United States,* by Earl Browder. International Publishers. 352 pages. $2.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cumulated wealth of the United States, its productive forces, its inexhaustible supply of raw materials, says Browder, provide a complete material basis for socialism. The trouble is that "these gigantic productive forces are locked away from the masses who could use them. They are the private property of the small, parasitic capitalist class which locks up the warehouses and closes the factories in order to compel a growing tribute of profit. This paralysis of economy in the interest of profit, at the cost of starvation and degradation to millions, is enforced by the capitalist government with all its police, courts, jails, and military."

How can the workers break these capitalist locks? How can they avail themselves of the material prerequisites that already exist for a socialist society? The answer to this question is Browder's book.

The analysis of the *economic crisis* is to be found in most of the reports to Party gatherings and to the Communist International. The most exhaustive, perhaps, is the one called "The Revolutionary Way Out," representing the report of the Central Committee to the Eighth Convention of the Communist Party held in Cleveland in April, 1934. The analysis will be found, however, also in a number of other papers, particularly in "Why An Open Letter to the Party Membership," which represents part of the report to the Extraordinary Party Conference held in New York in July, 1933.

The reader will notice that in every one of the reports, ranging over three years, the changes in the political and economic field are given the closest attention, appraisal is made of every new phenomenon, account is being taken of every single fact of importance. What a difference compared with the grandiloquent generalizations, the slurring-over of basic facts, the gross overstatements and understatements we find so often in capitalist economic discussion. There is a soberness here, a respect for the truth, a search for it. As early as April, 1934, the report of the Central Committee states that "the economic crisis in the United States has already passed its lowest point" turning into depression. This, however, says Browder, does not signify a return to real prosperity. He reminds us that the crisis and the depression are taking place at a time when the general crisis of capitalism is in progress, and he aptly quotes Stalin's now famous declaration:

> Apparently, what we are witnessing is the transition from the lowest point of decline of industry, from the lowest depth of the industrial crisis to a depression, not an ordinary depression, but to a depression of a special kind which does not lead to a new boom and flourishing industry, but which, on the other hand, does not force it back to the lowest point of decline. (Page 25.)

We are still in that stage of a "depression of a special kind," and the analysis made in April, 1934, proves to be correct in every detail eighteen months later.

ONE of the aspects of the capitalist crisis is the revolutionary sentiment surging among the masses. This is a direct result of unemployment and unsettled conditions. The main task of the Communist Party is to connect itself with the broadest masses dissatisfied with their conditions and to lead them along the road of the class struggle that must culminate in the seizure of power and the establishment of the workers' rule. The class struggle under present conditions requires unity of all the exploited and oppressed, no matter what their party or organizational affiliation — the *united front* against the immediate foe: war and fascism.

In order to be able to fulfill its role, the Communist Party itself must be an excellent instrument capable of mass leadership. One of the standard complaints on the part of the leaders of the Socialist Party is that the American working class, the American masses, are backward. Browder believes that this is a "backwardness" of a special kind. He remembers the revolutionary traditions of America and he knows at first hand the numerous struggles fought by the working class in the course of decades. He is by no means pessimistic about the future of the working class as a revolutionary power because he thinks dialectically. He sees the inevitability of change in the mood of the masses and he notices the symptoms of mass awakening among the workers. In the light of the recent convention of the American Federation of Labor where a militant section of unionists stood up and fought valiantly for industrial unionism, for a Labor Party, for freeing the A.F. of L. from the baleful influence of open-shop capitalists, for a militant organizing drive and against Red-baiting, the following passages from Browder's debate with George Soule, held January 13, 1933, stands out as particularly significant.

> I think [said Browder] that in the course of a very few years of the capitalist crisis, the American working class is going to take such a leap forward politically, that all this talk of the "backwardness" of the American working class will be forgotten! (Page 107.)

Less than three years have passed since this statement was made. Events have shown it to be correct like all the others. The American working class is rapidly organizing and developing mass struggles. The American working class is maturing as the force that will be able to challenge capitalism and defeat. And why is it so?

> Not because we have some mystical conception of some force which has been placed by a mysterious god within these people, the workers, but because historical development is hammering out of this human material which constitutes the working class, that force which, because of the nature of its existence, finds it possible and necessary to carry society forward to its next stage. (*Ibid.*)

It is because of the *knowledge* of this "hammering out" of the revolutionary force of the working class by history itself that Marxist-Leninists proceed with perfect assurance not only to organize the Communist Party but also the broader masses of the workers and other toilers.

A great part of this book is given to a discussion of the problems of how to perfect the mechanism of the Communist Party. There is one Party conclave that stands out as a turning point in its history, a turning point towards mass work. That is the Extraordinary Conference of July, 1933, where the entire Party paused to make a thorough search of its activities in order to determine what it was that kept it comparatively isolated from the masses while the fighting spirit of the latter was rising, and what had to be done in order to overcome those weaknesses. An *Open Letter to the Party Membership* was issued by the conference. In this book Browder discusses the question, "Why an Open Letter?" Here he makes the most searching analysis of the activities of the Communist Party, and no student of Communism or anybody wishing to understand the work processes of the Communist Party should fail to read this illuminating tract. In simple terms, in lucid examples, Browder explains to the membership how the change can be made. "The test of every comrade," he says, "shall be not so much can he speak well about these problems, but can he work well in carrying out this line." And he proceeds to show how the *method of concentration* can be used, how the *basic proletarian elements* can be drawn into the fight by a correct approach, and wherein that correct approach should consist. Refresh the leadership of the Party from bottom to top. Draw into all leading posts those comrades who have distinguished themselves in mass work. Draw the fire of serious Bolshevik mass criticism against those who remain passive. Carry through a consolidation of all the healthiest and most energetic and most devoted forces of the Party in all the decisive points of Party leadership. Center your struggles in the shops, around the shops, penetrate the shops. Be practical. Be concrete.

> In the shops the fight . . . must be taken out of the clouds of high politics and expressed in terms of the immediate working conditions of the shops, the smallest issue, the question of wages and hours; making use of every special circumstance that arises out of any situation, to raise these demands among the workers and organize them in struggle for these demands.

Only in such struggles will the Communist Party grow, says Browder, and only when it grows this way will it be able to fulfill its task of leading all the exploited and oppressed.

HOWEVER, a leader of the Communist Party realizes fully that he cannot expect the broad masses of the workers that are breaking away from the old parties to accept at once and fully the Communist program. These masses may be ready to fight

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for their immediate demands against the capitalists but they would as yet stop short of the full Communist program. It is as an organization of the broadest masses becoming aware of the anti-working class character of the old parties and ready to defend their class interests that the idea of a Labor Party is advanced. This is not to be a substitute for the Communist Party, says Browder. For us, it is merely a part of our struggle to build and strengthen the Communist Party, says Browder.

> For us, it is merely a part of our struggle to build and strengthen the Communist Party itself among the masses, to extend its authority, to root its principles, tactics and organization deeper among the masses. We stress this even more today, precisely because life itself places the Labor Party as a practical question of the moment; precisely because we are now pledging our readiness to actively participate in the establishment of a Labor Party, all the more must we insist that the Communist Party is the indispensable weapon of the working class, without which it can neither fight successfully for its immediate needs, nor find the way out of capitalist oppression into the new socialist society. (Page 285.)

In the very same way as the Communist Party is not separated from all the struggles of the workers: the *strike struggles* for higher wages, the struggles for *unemployment insurance,* the struggles for the rights of the *oppressed nationalities,* in the first place the *Negro people* in the United States, it is not separated from the Labor Party movement. It spurs and activizes and vitalizes every movement of the masses and thus grows as a separate and distinct party.

The Labor Party is conceived as an integral part of the *broad united front* of the working class which the Communist Party conceives as the best method of combining the forces opposed to capitalist reaction, to starvation wages, to hunger, national oppression and all attempts of finance capital to shift upon the shoulders of the masses the full burden of the crisis and the depression. The most exhaustive study of the problems of the United Front will be found in Chapter XIV, a report to the Central Committee of the Communist Party made in September, 1934.

The United Front is conceived as the greatest bulwark against *war and fascism.* These twin brothers, the last weapon of decaying capitalism to enforce the policy of finance capital and to crush the rising revolutionary movement of the masses is thoroughly discussed in various sections of the book.

This book, a veritable guide to every problem facing the workers and to every facet of Communist activity came into existence in the thickest of the every-day work of the Communist Party. The papers and articles arose out of the struggles of the Party to win the American masses for the revolutionary way out of the crisis and for a Soviet America. They deal with problems of practical politics. They deal with the movements of the working class and with methods of accelerating these movements. At the same time, however, this book is a presentation not only of the practice but also of the *theory* of communism made by one of its ablest leaders and exponents.

For the theory of the working class is inseparable from action, from practice. This, too, is emphasized by Browder whose volume includes also a number of valuable theoretical articles, among them the one entitled, "The Revisionism of Sidney Hook."

> Theory [says Browder] is our guide to action. Theory grows out of action. Theory for us is the instrument of revolutionary action, and it can be the instrument of revolutionary action only insofar as it is theory which is drawn from international experience of the class struggle and the development of human society.
>
> We do not create theory out of our heads. Our theory grows organically out of the development and maturing of the revolutionary class, the working class. It is a historic product. It has the same objective character as all scientific principle. (Page 308.)

Browder teaches us to be intolerant with all those who wish to revise Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism, "the fundamental knowledge of mankind"; he calls for "theoretical intransigence," for unyielding adherence to the revolutionary theory of Marxism-Leninism, while at the same time he emphasizes as strongly as possible that we must be patient with the masses whom we are striving to win, to organize, to mobilize for the revolutionary struggle, we must be tolerant with those masses as well as "stubborn and persistent."

If we needed one single phrase to characterize Browder's book we would say it is a book that shows the revolutionary way out of the crisis.

Chelsea Press
UNION PRINTERS
8 WEST 19TH STREET, Off 5th Avenue
Tel.: CHelsea 3-6965 Special rates for organizations

The Mind of America
TWENTY LECTURES ON THE CULTURAL SCENE IN AMERICA
Auspices of
THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WRITERS

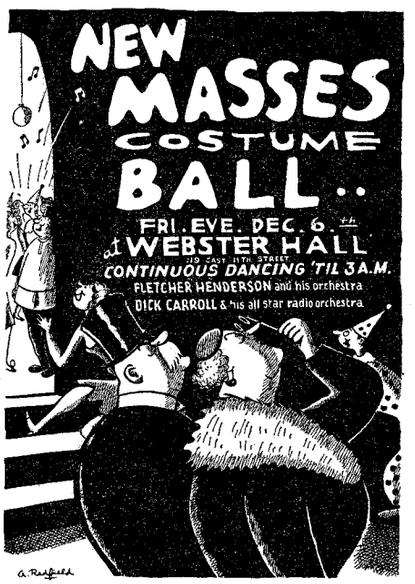
Malcolm Cowley
Author of EXILE'S RETURN
Literary Editor of The New Republic
opens the series with a lecture on

The AMERICAN INTELLIGENTSIA
November 18—8:30 p. m.
HOTEL DELANO 108 W. 43 St. New York City
ADMISSION: 35c
Tickets may be obtained at:
League of American Writers, 156 Fifth Ave., Columbia University Bookshop, Workers' Bookshop, 50 E. 13th St.

COURSE TICKETS $4.50
Other Lectures Will Include
Earl Browder Granville Hicks
Peter Blume Isidor Schneider
Corliss Lamont Joseph Freeman
for information write to
LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WRITERS
156 Fifth Avenue New York City
or Phone: WA 9-7925

An adventurous, revolutionary, and dramatic life, recorded for the first time

ONE OF US
THE STORY OF JOHN REED
Told from original sources by
GRANVILLE HICKS
Dramatized in 30 lithographs by
LYND WARD
Anniversary edition, beautifully printed and bound . . . $2.00
EQUINOX COOPERATIVE PRESS
444 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
Lynd Ward will speak on John Reed, November 15, at the Barbizon-Plaza, Friday Night Forum



$1.00 IN ADVANCE **$1.50** AT THE DOOR
Mail Your Order Now!

NEW MASSES,
31 East 27th Street, New York City.
Please send me ..... tickets for the ball. Enclosed is $.....
(@ $1.00 per ticket).
Name.....
Address.....
.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Why Vilar Faces Death

To The New Masses:

"Normalcy" rules in Cuba according to Ambassador Caffery. In the dictionary of the United States Department of State, normalcy means freedom to rob, torture, kill, to do anything to beat out a smooth path for imperialist exploitation. Ambassador Caffery is a faithful servant. He has done his best to carry out the commandments of imperialism handed down from the Mount Sinai of Wall Street.

Ambassador Caffery has labored manfully at the job of erecting a screen of misinformation. After the general strike he said conditions in Cuba were not so bad and gave us proof that only a few workers had been murdered in the general strike of March. Ambassador Caffery organized the Cuban Social-Economic Union, an organization of the biggest sugar-planters. Under his guidance the Union undertook the collection of signatures of "good-will" to be presented to President Roosevelt. They hired beautiful young girls from among the unemployed, from Cuban bourgeois and petit-bourgeois families ruined by the depredations of United States imperialism. The girls went into shops, stores, clubs. . . . They said: the signatures are for President Roosevelt's birthday; the signatures are to thank Roosevelt for the Reciprocity Treaty; the signatures are for the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty; the signatures are a mere formality. . . . They used the argument to suit the person. And, when all arguments failed, they said: sign anyway—it means *nothing to you and we are being given fifty cents* for every hundred signatures.

A little later Ambassador Caffery went to Washington and the Union came trailing after. The presentation ceremony must have been touching and shameless.

Ambassador Caffery had instructions to "legalize" the situation in Cuba. The *Provisional* President *decreed* a Constitution based on the Constitution of 1901, and containing up-to-date improvements. Elections were *decreed* for December 15. The procedure seems a little topsyturvy, but it could be even more brazen.

Of course all this is happening against the will of the Cuban people. They are decisively against the bayonet-election. The party of Dr. Grau San Martin, Young Cuba, Communist Party, National Agrarian Party and other parties of the left are boycotting the elections. The most reactionary parties have been resurrected as stage props for the election.

Within the last two months, the workers have begun recuperating from the bestial purge administered in March. A few strikes have begun but because of weakness of organization (destruction of trade-union property, records, halls, confiscation of funds, illegalization of leaders, etc.) the number of strikes is not indicative of the seething anger of the people.

This anger was expressed in the slogan of a general strike as the people's answer to the imperialist-inspired elections. This strike occuring under the present conditions bids fair to be more far-reaching than the general strike of August, 1933. which overthrew Machado.

It is against this setting that the arrest of Cesar Vilar, General Secretary of the National Cuban Federation of Labor, occurs. He is charged with leadership of the attack of the fascist ABC march of June 17, 1934; attempt against the life of Caffery, attempt against the life of Batista, and an attempt at insurrection by means of a general strike. (For alleged participation in the attack on the ABC parade, a sentence was handed down a few weeks ago condemning Paulino Perez to six death sentences, 220 years in jail, and $1,800 fine.)

The absurdity of the charges against Cesar Vilar is evident. He is a man whose history is almost that of organized labor in Cuba. As a delegate of the Bricklayers Union of Manzanillo he participated in the organizational conference of the National Cuban Federation of Labor in 1925. His courage brought him to the general secretaryship of CNOC in 1930. He has participated in every major strike action in Cuba; he has personally led tremendous, victorious strikes. He led the August strike against Machado. He has won the love of the Cuban workers who sheltered and protected him from June, 1934 until now. During this time, Cesar Vilar went from factory to factory, from home to home in the workers' districts carrying on a resolute daily illegal activity.

Now Cesar Vilar faces death. No time can be lost; imperialism is avid for an example to frighten the Cuban people. We urge the sending of protests to Colonel Fulgencio Batista, Camp Columbia, Havana. Cuba; President Mendieta, Presidential Palace, Havana, Cuba; Secretary of State Cordell Hull, Washington, D. C. No time may be lost!

Jose Gibarro.

Havana.

Automobile Workers

To The New Masses:

I am working on a book dealing with the migration of white and Negro workers to the automobile factories in Detroit, Toledo, Flint, etc., and I am particularly interested in identifying the immediate cause of these migrations. I have been told that automobile companies, in search of cheap and docile labor, have inserted paid advertisements in southern newspapers at the same time experienced workers were being laid off. I have also heard that bus and railroad companies advertise excursion rates, citing the chances for employment in the automobile factories. But I have not been able to unearth any specimens of such advertising, and I should be very grateful for the chance to examine some of them.

I am in search of case histories of southern workers in the automobile industry, and have obtained a number personally, but there may be others who have a story to tell and who would not mind writing me about it. Anything in the form of magazine or newspaper articles, letters, etc., dealing with this subject will be taken good care of and promptly returned, if sent to me at Rural Route Four, Moberly, Mo.

Jack Conroy.

The General Prays

To The New Masses:

In the current issues of The Saturday Evening Post, General Hugh Johnson says, "we should pray —yes, pray that one of the great parties will offer us the principles of the New Deal," etc.

The following is the manner in which I would suggest the Twenty-Third Psalm be used as the General proposes:

Roosevelt is my shepherd, I am in want;
He maketh me to lie down on park benches;
He leadeth me beside still factories;
He disturbeth my soul.
He leadeth me in the paths of depression
for his Party's sake;
Yea, tho' I walk through the valley and shadow
of depression, I anticipate no recovery,
for thou art with me,
Thou preparest a reduction of my salary in the
presence of mine creditors;
Thou anointest my income with taxes; my
expense runneth over,
Surely, unemployment and poverty will follow me
all the days of your administration,
And I will dwell in a mortgaged house forever.

Buffalo, N. Y. William Henry Lane.

Letters in Brief

Neither Harold Lynn of New York nor D. Faulkner of New Haven agreed with the tenor of Henry Cowell's article "Useful Music" in the October 29 issue. Mr. Lynn writes that "mass singing cannot possibly take the place of the pure music of Beethoven, etc., in the esthetic life of the people." Mr. Faulkner writes that "we workers are sentimental and we won't let Cowell take our music for pleasure away from us. . . . Bourgeois music and bourgeois factories are stepping stones; we must save them from destruction."

Dr. Julius Jaffe of New York writes that a group of Bronx doctors have sent a wire to Governor Talmadge asking that Angelo Herndon be pardoned.

Roland S. Norris wants more space devoted to the review of pamphlets. "Leading writers like Strachey, Hicks and Broun should devote their finest literary and polemic talents to the pamphlet," he writes.

Isidor Schneider's reviews are praised by Jeanne Danforth of Staten Island who was especially pleased with his recent reviews of volumes on Wordsworth and G. M. Hopkins.

Henrietta Ward of New York City writes to ask that The New Masses devote some space to refuting attacks on the Soviet Union published in Time magazine.

B. Joseph of Chicago who has recently returned from a trip through Canada writes to "correct an erroneous impression which may have been given readers by Robert Bruce's "Canada Swings to the Left." He points to the comparatively small vote received in the recent election by the left parties. Canadian workers and farmers are discontented, he writes, but "it is certainly going beyond the bounds of fact to maintain that 'Soviet Russia, Communism and the coming of Socialism' are on the tip of every tongue of almost every person in Canada."

Two requests for help in preparing books have reached us. Minna F. Kassner and Lucien Zararoff are preparing a national survey of radio censorship for the American Civil Liberties Union, and ask readers to report to them, at 1359 Broadway, any authentic instance of censorship. Leonard Boudin and Milton L. Rein are gathering material for a book on martial law, and desire information regarding readers' personal experiences before military courts; data on place and manner of publication of martial law declarations in any state since 1933; and any authentic information not generally known about events which led to such declaration. They may be addressed at 70 West 40th Street.

The Student Writers League writes that meetings are held every Monday evening at 8:30 p. m. at the headquarters of the Partisan Review, 430 Sixth Avenue, when manuscripts are read and discussed.

Literature Distributors, informs us that there are now seven bookshops carrying working-class literature and operating circulating libraries in New York. They are at 50 East 13th Street, 140 Second Avenue and 112 West 44th Street, Manhattan; 369 Sutter Avenue and 4531 16th Avenue, Brooklyn; 1337 Wilkins Avenue and 1001 Prospect Avenue, The Bronx.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REVIEW AND COMMENT

Small Game Hunting

GREEN HILLS OF AFRICA, by Ernest Hemingway. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

IT ought to be said that I approached *Green Hills of Africa* with a sincere desire to find something to praise in it. Hemingway's piece in THE NEW MASSES, *Who Murdered the Vets?*, put me in a frame of mind to forgive everything, even *Death in the Afternoon*. I have always admired most of *The Sun Also Rises*, some of *A Farewell to Arms* and several of the short stories. I have always felt that Hemingway was by all odds the clearest and strongest non-revolutionary writer of his generation. The passion of *Who Murdered the Vets?* not only strengthened my conviction; it made me want to emphasize the good things that can be said about Hemingway, not the bad. This was not because I had any notion that Hemingway would become a revolutionary novelist if THE NEW MASSES patted him on the back; it was because *Who Murdered the Vets?* had a quality that has been disastrously absent from his previous work. A reviewer has a right to interpret an author's work in terms of his direction. *Who Murdered the Vets?* suggested that Hemingway was going somewhere, and I hoped to find further evidence in *Green Hills of Africa*.

This autobiographical preface is advisable, for what I have to say about *Green Hills of Africa* is that it is the dullest book I have read since *Anthony Adverse*. There are perhaps ten pages that are interesting, and of these I shall speak later on. The rest of the book is just plain dull. Hunting is probably exciting to do; it is not exciting to read about. Hemingway got up very early in the morning and went out and chased a lion or a rhinoceros or a kudu, and he either shot him or he didn't, and if he did, some one named Karl shot a bigger one. So that evening they all got a little tight. This went on for a month, and finally they found themselves beside the Sea of Galilee, drinking, and Karl made a good crack about not walking on the water because it had been done once, and Hemingway said he would write a book so that P.O.M. (Poor Old Mama, i.e., Mrs. Hemingway) could remember what Mr. J. P. (their guide) looked like. And so we have *Green Hills of Africa*.

After a good deal of thinking about why the book is dull, the only reason I can see is its subject-matter. On pages 148-150, Hemingway has a very long sentence—which proves that he does not have to write short ones, and that, I suspect, is what it is intended to prove. The sentence begins by talking about the feeling that comes "when you write well and truly of something and know impersonally you have written in that way and those who are paid to read it and report on it do not like the subject so they say it is all a fake, yet you know its value absolutely." Now I do not like the subject of *Green Hills of Africa*, but it would never occur to me to say that it is in any respect a fake. It is a perfectly honest book, and that is why I think it is dull because the subject is dull. Another clause in the same sentence concerns the feeling that comes "when you do something which people do not consider a serious occupation and yet you know, truly, that it is as important and has always been as important as all the things that are in fashion." This applies, I suppose, to either bull-fighting or hunting, and the only possible comment is that though they may be important to Hemingway, they aren't to most people. The proof is in the response to *Death in the Afternoon* and *Green Hills of Africa*. Since they are, it seems to me, as good books as are likely to be written on bull-fighting and hunting, the trouble must be with the subjects.

A certain amount of nonsense is written about the subject-matter of literature. No critic in his right mind will try to prescribe an author's subjects; the author has to start with what he feels and knows. But that is not equivalent to saying that one subject is as good as another. "To write a great novel," Herman Melville said, "you must have a great theme." The whole history of literature proves that he was right. When an author, starting out to write on some trivial theme, has produced a great book, it is because the trivial theme hitched on to a great one. (You might have a great novel about people who were hunting, but it wouldn't be about hunting.) A great theme concerns the issues of life and death as they present themselves in the age in which the author lives.

It comes down to an argument over values, in which Mr. Hemingway's judgment is set against the judgment of history. The ten interesting pages in the book are all given over to discussions of the nature of literature and the function of the author. It is a subject on which Mr. Hemingway feels deeply, and when he feels deeply he writes well. But he is always on the defensive, just as he was in the literary conversations in *Death in the Afternoon*. He is very bitter about the critics, and very bold in asserting his independence of them, so bitter and so bold that one detects signs of a bad conscience. No one will deny that sports are pleasant and even important, but to be wholly wrapped up in them is not a sign of intellectual maturity. And the truth is, as he constantly reveals, that Hemingway is not wholly wrapped up in them. He has ideas about war, revolution, religion, art and other adult interests; ideas that the readers of THE NEW MASSES wouldn't always like, but ideas. And still he goes on writing about bulls and kudus.

Would Hemingway write better books if he wrote on different themes? *Who Murdered the Vets?* suggests that he would, for in that piece all his talents were suddenly lifted onto a higher level. That is why a great theme is important: it calls out so much more of what is in an author. I should like to have Hemingway write a novel about a strike, to use an obvious example, not because a strike is the only thing worth writing about, but because it would do something to Hemingway. If he would just let himself look squarely at the contemporary American scene, he would be bound to grow. I am not talking about his becoming a Communist, though that would be good for the revolutionary movement and better for him. I am merely suggesting that his concern with the margins of life is a dangerous business. In six years Hemingway has not produced a book even remotely worthy of his talents. He knows that the time is short and that it is difficult in this age and country for a writer to survive. There is bigger game in the world than kudus, and he had better start going after it now if he ever wants to get it.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

A New World Seen Through One Man

Stalin, A New World Seen Through One Man, by Henri Barbusse. November Choice of The Book Union. Macmillan Co. $3.

WHEN Madame Krupskaya's memoirs of her husband Lenin appeared several years ago it disappointed many readers who expected to find in it an image of the man not seen in public, the man as he was in his privacy. It was hard for them to understand a figure who, from his youth, had given himself wholly to the public, who had left virtually nothing over for himself, for any number of the private satisfactions so important to the individual in bourgeois society where every action is seen as the attempt to save something for oneself. For those readers to whom the private life of a great man is what interests them, there will be a like disappointment in the biography of Stalin who, like Lenin, had no personal life of the ordinary sort, whose public life, which was practically his whole life, began before

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he was actually twenty years of age.

Biographers have always had difficulties when their subjects were great public figures, especially since biography, jealous of the popularity of fiction, has set out to compete with fiction in so-called "human interest." The competition is a folly not because the two forms are so different, but because their material is so different. Novelists have rarely attempted to create a public figure because they deal, so specifically, with private lives, attempting to enter not only the homes but the very skins of their characters. But many biographers, especially recent ones, have violated their theme and attempted to depublicize their public figures. They have consequently botched their jobs. The "interesting" biographies, by the standards of fiction, are usually those whose "public" figures rebelled or abandoned their public status. Let us take for example Octavian and his opponent Anthony. Octavian, though incomparably the more important man, is the subject of few biographies, plays and legends, being left almost entirely to historians, while Anthony is the subject of a literature. Octavian, at no point in his career, ceased to be a public figure, while Anthony, surrendering to the calls of his personal life and abandoning the public interest, stepped from history into fiction.

The distinction holds true all the more forcibly of the great figures of the Russian revolution and it must be kept in mind if we are to understand the Communist viewpoint toward their leaders. By Communists a leader is not admired as an unusual person, but respected and studied as an unusual carrier-out of revolutionary principles. His career is recorded and read for the light it throws on how successfully one may use the experiences and energies of his single human life for the purposes of the revolution, of how his training, will and decisions strengthened and fulfilled the general course of revolutionary experience, will and decisions. That is why the Communist Henri Barbusse, who was also a great novelist, wrote a biography of his leader that, at no point, thinks of imitating a novel, that mentions only casually, toward the end, that Stalin had married, had three children of his own and had adopted the children of several of his martyred comrades.

Barbusse subtitles his biography of Stalin, "A New World Seen Through One man" and this subtitle is the clue to the book. Stalin can best be understood in his relation to the new world created by the Revolution; and he is chosen as a subject for biography because the new world can be seen, as Barbusse puts it, through such a man.

In his teens, when he was a student in a Georgian seminary, Stalin, the son of an ambitious worker, was a rebel. When he was dismissed his expulsion was a graduation. He entered the revolutionary movement at once. From the beginning, he distinguished himself by his courage, his energy, his self-confidence, his mastery of theory—several of his works take a place among the Marxist classics—and his dislike for theorizing when action was called for. He early became an important figure in the revolutionary movement and having similar views of revolutionary organization and tactics, as Lenin, he became the most unswerving of Lenin's disciples.

Since to many who will read this book the conflict with Trotsky will be a chief point of interest and since for some of them the conflict may still be interpreted in the once fashionable terms of a fight for the inheritance of Lenin's "power," it must be emphasized that Stalin was never in opposition to Lenin throughout their lives, whereas Trotsky was in opposition, before, during and after the split between the Mensheviks and Bolsheviks; and that Trotsky's subsequent opposition to Stalin was on the same issues as his opposition to Lenin. When the Communist Party accorded leadership to Stalin, it was because it judged him to be the continuer of Lenin and feared Trotsky as a betrayer of Leninism. The episode is important chiefly as an illustration, among others, of the struggles a revolutionary party has not only against its avowed enemies, but against the two forces within its own ranks, tearing at it in two directions, extremism on the left and opportunism on the right. But both sides have this in common—an essential lack of faith in the revolution, for extremism is often the panic hurry of the unconfident. Trotsky, for all his éclat lacked this faith. In positing that the revolution could not be successful in Russia until it was simultaneously successful in the rest of the world; in his stigmatizing of the peasantry as a natively capitalist and therefore an inevitable counter-revolutionary element; in his insistence upon the impossibility of a socialist party building a socialist structure in one country, he revealed this lack of faith. And therefore, the revolution that he lacked faith in could not trust him.

In Barbusse's book the matter is gone into in one section in which Stalin's role in preserving the revolutionary singleness and direction of the party is dealt with. Barbusse writes the biography in sections that are each built upon a central theme. Another section deals, as already mentioned with the character of Stalin's first years of revolutionary work; another with the part he played in the Civil War as a stiffener of the revolutionary fronts; another with the decisive and remarkable part played by Stalin in making the revolution the agent of national fulfillment for the various peoples incorporated in the Soviet territories and bringing about their voluntary federation; in another he stands out as the reorganizer of the national economy; in another as the great planner under whom the industrialization of the Soviet Union was begun; in another the epic of collectivized farming with Stalin as alternately the releaser and controller of the human flood; in another with the growing force of the Soviet Union under the direction of Stalin as a factor in international peace; step by step we see Stalin's part in the amazing evolution of Russia from a defeated and disintegrated empire, economically and culturally backward, ready, as European imperialism thought, to fall like the Turkish Empire into a colonial status, into culturally the most advanced country in the world and economically in a position soon to overtake the United States—the most astonishing progress ever witnessed in history and the concrete testimony to the liberating and creative power of socialism.

Stalin, as a personality, does not materialize. But Stalin as one of the creators through whom this new world can be seen, comes hugely before us. A whole epoch and a whole continent are his book. We are made aware of a great mind, of a great will, of one of those rare concentrations of energy that characterize a great man. Are there blemishes? The portrait does not show them and in this a lack may be felt by those readers trained in the recent capitalist schools of biography in which, an age conscious of the meanness of its own representative figures sought to demean the great figures of the past who made it feel overshadowed and uncomfortable. They are accustomed to seeing the essential displaced by the trivial, but in Communist thinking there is no place for the trivial. Trivial personalities cancel themselves.

The book is alive and full of energy. Its vitality is so abundant that it seems incredible that it was written by a dying man. In his own career Barbusse emphasized the revolutionist's full use of his human energy. He was active up to the outbreak of his fatal illness. His gaunt but vibrant figure had been noticed at every session and throughout each session of the Congress of the Communist International a program which would have fatigued a far more robust man. A few days later he was dead.

Had he lived a few months longer, his book would have been a little fuller, more finished, more rounded. The many parenthetical statements would have been worked more integrally into the text. But even as the misfortune of his death has left it, it is a noble and beautiful book. The writer's gift of expression, perhaps of understanding, makes clear much that was not so clear before. There are passages, so forcefully and succinctly written that they will probably reappear many times in quotation. Perhaps, as important as any element of the book, will be its revelation of the passionate logic of the Communist mind, its capacity for loyalty and devotion, its capacity to dream, plan and accomplish, something new in a world in which along with material stagnation, the human spirit had been reduced to cynicism and defeatism.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

REMEMBER LAST YEAR ! ! !
NEW THEATRE
NEW YEAR'S EVE FROLIC
CENTRAL OPERA HOUSE
205 E. 67th Street
$1.50 in advance $2.00 at door

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Proprietarian Society

LAND OF THE FREE, by Herbert Agar. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50.

MR. AGAR won a Pulitzer Prize last year for his study of the rise and decline of the American Presidency. *The People's Choice* had a clear-cut thesis. Six of our first seven presidents, Mr. Agar observed, were men of considerable ability; only four of the remaining twenty-two (the book politely halted with Harding) were above the common average of small-time politicians. This remarkable change was attributed by Mr. Agar to the historical shift of power from the agrarians and the small property holders of the country at large to the great Plutocracy of the East. The robbers barons, having triumphed in the Civil War, saw to it that the puppets in the White House could be manipulated with cords of steel. The curse of bigness was on the Republic.

This thesis is expanded in *Land of the Free,* where it is offered as the key to American history, the explanation of our contemporary difficulties, and the basis for a new program of action. Refusing to accept what he considers to be the false alternative between fascism and Communism, Mr. Agar seeks a third alternative which appears to be compounded of the Catholic Liberalism of Belloc and Chesterton, the agrarianism of the Southern Sectionalists and the Progressivism of the La Follettes. Each of these creeds has two common postulates which are congenial to Mr. Agar's social philosophy: property must be distributed in small parcels among great numbers of American families; the small town, to which alone we can look for a healthy native culture, must resist the advances of the decadent cities, which have been undemocratically divided into a plutocracy and a proletariat. Mr. Agar seeks a proprietarian rather than a proletarian society. He wishes to destroy the Hamiltonian era of finance-capitalism; and he hopes to restore the Jeffersonian vision of a free (that is, a small-property holding) society.

It would be a mistake, I think, to dismiss these formulas with an impatient wave of the hand, though the temptation to do so is not always easy to resist. For if Mr. Agar is trying to "turn back the clock of history" he is, at least, anxious to do so for reasons which are morally, though not historically, sound. In the end, to be sure, a morality divorced from historical possibilities is an empty system of phrases; but a morality which sincerely rejects the evils of large scale capitalism and seeks to reconstruct a society free of mass exploitation is hardly to be treated with contempt. Mr. Agar begins with an honest and realistic awareness of the enormous gulf between American "ideals" and American life under finance-capitalism. He is passionately aroused by the fake constitutionalism of Arthur Brisbane and the Liberty Leaguers. With a moral vigor thoroughly becoming a genuine democrat he denounces the quackery of the American Messiahs: Coughlin, Sinclair, Townsend and Long. And he does not, in spite of Mr. Duffus of The New York Times, seem "emotionally less outraged" by fascism than by Communism. He insists that fascism would mean the betrayal of all that is good in the American tradition, whereas he says of the communist movement that "it repsents an honest group of men, with an economic programme that at least makes sense. . . . If they grow strong enough to have any hope of seizing power, it will not be because of wickedness on their part; it will be because they are honest men, with a moral purpose, who know what they want, and because the rest of us fail to match them on any of these points. In that case it is hard to see why the Communists should not triumph."

But Mr. Agar would like to give the honest Jeffersonians—whom he does not choose to identify—a new trial. He is ready to admit that he is taking a long shot on a horse that may be scratched at the very outset. He does not suggest a jockey, or even a stable. Mr. Roosevelt is not mentioned once in this book; and it is clear that neither the Republican nor the Democratic party appears to be particularly anxious to decentralize wealth. Mr. Agar recognizes specifically that social planning under large scale capitalism is bound to play into the hands of the robber barons, whom he prefers to call the "sneak thieves"; that Social Credit, Epic, and Share-the-Wealth are frauds. To whom, then, does he turn? He appeals to that great heap of contradictory abstractions, the timeless, spaceless and classless American Public. And he proposes a triple program: the moral argument for democracy; the need for sound finance (money opposed to credit); and the restoration of "real" property through a policy of agrarianism and distributism. Mr. Agar does not see why ten years would not be sufficient to give America a majority of property owning families!

One hopes that it will not take ten years for this sincere American democrat to face the fact that the proletarianization which he deplores is not a tendency but a prevailing condition, that it is not confined to New York and Chicago but is the most conspicuous social phenomenon of America as a whole. The only "public" to which he can look for a struggle to make real the American dream of freedom is composed of men and women who work, or would like to work, for a living. Mr. Agar is a realistic-enough student of fascism to realize that it *can* happen here; it seems rather a pity that he should scatter his valuable moral force in a desperate effort to recreate the 18th Century in the image of Hilaire Belloc, John Crowe Ransom and Robert M. La Follette.

WALTER RALSTON.

America's Biggest Business

STEEL—DICTATOR, by Harvey O'Connor. The John Day Co., New York. $3.

$10,000 REWARD!
To the cop or detective who finds a way of framing Harvey O'Connor and getting him out of Pittsburgh for good.

IF the Pittsburgh steel barons don't have a notice like the above posted in every station-house in Allegheny County, it is probably because they realize that O'Connor, the eagle-eyed Federated Press bureau representative and editor of the Pittsburgh edition of the new periodical *The People's Press,* would get hold of it and print it in thousands of copies.

This crack labor editor has done some tricks for the readers of his new book, which, by the way, is a fitting companion piece to *Mellon's Millions.* We see reproduced a copy of a Jones and Laughlin order to Federal Laboratories for $1,927 worth of guns and cartridges two weeks before the threatened steel strike of June, 1934. He gives us a peep into the files of Charles W. Tuttle, head spy of the Carnegie Steel Co., the principal subsidiary of U. S. Steel.

But the real meat of the book is not in the tricks, nor in the breezy historical narrative covering the period to 1933 (a narrative which fills about a third of the volume). The book will be welcomed because of what it tells of the period 1933-35—the most crucial two years in steel's history, from all indications, since 1900-02.

Here is the tale of how the steel code was made: how steel broke the National Labor Board; how President Tighe of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers shied away from an organizing campaign and expelled those new members who wanted to start one; how the companies set up new company unions; and much more. The high point of the book, and its real *raison d'être,* is the graphic account of the effort to organize the mills which was initiated, for the first time in our generation, by the workers themselves. The reader gets an intimate look into the lives of the unionists in Duquesne, old fortress of reaction, and then follows the new leaders in their National Run-Around at Washington, in their futile efforts to get action out of the decadent top leadership of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, and in appeals to various public and semi-public agencies. Especially telling is the exposure of the "liberal" Miss Perkins. O'Connor shows this lady in the very act of playing the bosses game. This is the same Fannie who was so widely acclaimed by liberals as one of the "best" appointments in a reactionary cabinet.

Since the N.R.A. is dead and the union organization efforts have met with a check, the greatest interest attaches to O'Connor's anal-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ysis of trends and his predictions of the immediate future. With his general point of view the reviewer has no quarrel. O'Connor sees clearly that private ownership of the mills must give way to social ownership (he even quotes a steel corporation official to this effect) and that it will take "a bitter and turbulent struggle" to remove from their high position the "steel dictators." But there seems a certain inconsistency in his very use of this term, "dictators," when applied to steel. The steel bosses dictate to the workers, all right, but the Morgans dictate to steel and have, for a generation. Furthermore, steel is no longer the brightest jewel in the crown of the financial kings. The days of rapidly expanding production are past; alloy steels and quality production are coming in instead. And new metals are giving steel hot competition. There is no Midas touch nowadays to turn steel into gold—under capitalism.

All this O'Connor sees clearly enough. Yet he feels rather helpless before the fascism which, as he shows, the steel magnates would like to introduce, as steel king Thyssen and his associates helped to introduce it into Germany. Here a longer historical perspective might have helped. In the first place, the present upswing of organization in the labor movement as a whole is not necessarily spent, even temporarily. The other American workers may yet join with the new steel leaders, to hand J. P. the worst licking of his career, right within the framework of capitalism. In modern American labor history, high points in union organization have come 17 years apart. Eighteen eighty-six, 1903 and 1920 were such high points; why not 1937?

In the second place, fascism is by no means inevitable for the United States. The Ethiopian war if it has done nothing else has at least advertised to the world Mussolini's complete inability to do anything at all in 13 years for the benefit of the workers. If he should lose the war and his rule should collapse, fascism might not seem quite so imminent in other countries. Rumblings of discontent are becoming audible too from Germany.

There is one other criticism to make of this book. It sets out to be the story of the United States Steel Corporation and its workers, but it is not quite that. I do not refer to the fact that other companies such as Jones and Laughlin or National Steel (Weirton Steel, subsidiary) come in for a good deal of discussion, since one cannot say U. S. Steel without saying J. and L. at least halfway. But the book is subtly oriented on the Pittsburgh district. There is disproportionately little about the other centers, some of which are not even mentioned anywhere in the book. That is not necessarily a defect in the book, but it should be made clear to the readers. They are also to be warned if they don know that Mike Tighe is no longer a "Ma of the Mills" though so listed in the photographs which open the book. And finally the steel workers are to be warned that they have nothing to expect from the heir apparent to the throne of the senile Tighe, namely the labor politician, "Shorty" Leonard, whose double-crossing activities are described in this book but not emphasized. The steel workers have got to keep their eyes steadily on their true goal, a socialized society, and give their full trust only to those individuals and organizations who are really interested in helping them get there.

HORACE B. DAVIS.

Hours: 9:30 A. M.—6:30 P. M.
DR. A. SHUYER
OPTOMETRIST
20 YEARS OF SERVICE!
31 Union Sq., W., N.Y.C. (at 16th St.) ALgonquin 4-7660

CHINA'S MILLIONS
ANNA LOUISE STRONG
Author of "I CHANGE WORLDS"

The author of the recent best seller, "*I Change Worlds*," has written the most brilliant, vivid and penetrating analysis of the forces that underlie the strange winds of revolution and civil war that are blowing strongly over the Far East today.

"A series of extraordinarily brilliant thumb-nail sketches that make the Revolution a tremendous, living reality."—**New Masses.**

"Journalism of the highest order—vivid, colorful, exciting. No one interested in the significance of the Nationalist movement can afford to miss it."—**The New York Post.**

"An unforgettable picture."—**Charles A. Beard in the New York Herald Tribune.**

"No other book on China like this, and all the rest put together make but an incomplete picture without it. Like John Reed's **Ten Days That Shook the World**, it is journalistic history."—**Harry F. Ward in the New Republic.**

457 Pages KNIGHT PUBLICATIONS, Inc., New York $2.50

ART FRONT
COSTUME BALL
THANKSGIVING EVE
Novel Decorations NOV. 27th Entertainment
SAVOY BALLROOM
LENOX AVE. & 140th ST.
ARTISTS UNION & MODELS LEAGUE
TICKETS .75 Incl Tax
At ARTISTS UNION, 60 W. 15th ST., N. Y. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Theater

"Let Freedom Ring"

AT THE opening performance of *Let Freedom Ring,* a first night audience applauded the final curtain until its enthusiasm was literally checked by physical weariness. I doubt if any Broadway opening this year has been received with as much fervent excitement as this play. For once, in a season that can scarcely be dignified by even the word dullness, there has appeared a play with integrity, with vitality, with real people placed upon a stage.

Some of the critics, in their keenness to attack the play, went to the extent of refering it to the work on which it was based, Grace Lumpkin's *To Make My Bread,* when, by their own confession, they had not even read the novel. Thus, this unread novel convinced them that *Let Freedom Ring* is not a play in technique and like the novel it is diffuse because it has more than one principal character. Herein we find a standard of dramatic criticism which probably can even enable us to get rid of Shakespeare. An ingenious dramatic standard! However, while *Let Freedom Ring* faithfully renders the spirit of *To Make My Bread,* it is in no sense a mere repetition of the novel. For while *To Make My Bread* is a fine novel, it is not one that is easily dramatized. Thus Albert Bein could find in it few scenes ready made for the stage, and he had to contrive and imagine new ones, not in the book, but consistent with its potentialities. The result is that *To Make My Bread,* and *Let Freedom Ring* are two separate works of art, each telling the same story, but doing so in terms of its own medium, and reinforcing one another in the emotional impact that they both make.

Briefly, *Let Freedom Ring* presents Southern mountain folk who, because of hunger and the direct force of economic pressure are driven away from their native hills, and down into a nearby mill town. There they are reduced to the status of being mere functions of the machines, and cheap commodities of the mill owners. Child labor, pellagra, wage cuts, unemployment, the maiming of human beings by machines without safety devices, these are all integrated into the context of the drama. In time, these mountain folk turned industrial slaves, revolt, and strike spontaneously. One of their own kin who has become a labor leader returns to lead them, and through his insistence that the strike be conducted in a non-provocative manner, they are restrained from using their guns. The mill owners do not practise a similar restraint. Instead, the strike leader is shot down. This leader murdered, the strikers remain undaunted.

One of the basic values of *Let Freedom Ring* is, thus, that it dramatizes, with thoroughness, a true pattern of the experience of workers in a capitalistic system. One of the faults of some revolutionary writers who have taken essentially this same pattern is that they have presented it as a thesis. In consequence a dramatic or a fictional form was used where a pamphlet would have been more efficacious. For the characters were treated as adjuncts to a thesis, and that does not make literature, either in a novel or in a play. Here, this pattern is developed in terms of the human destinies involved. The people of this play are not concepts. They are recreated as human beings with real dignity, with independence and a pride in their own standards and traditions. They restrain their pride in the mill town, and they resist any degradations of their human integrity. They do not act like the "downtrodden," used and tossed aside as scrapped material. When they strike and are ready to fight, they are not merely struggling for a higher wage, and an economic program; they are also fighting for their dignity as human beings. It is this quality in the characterizations which makes of *Let Freedom Ring* one of the most truthful, moving, and stirring plays seen on an American stage in recent years. Albert Bein has not neglected any of the important potentialities in his material, and the result is that his effort is an integrated and exciting dramatic work, and a thoroughgoing treatment of an aspect of American life that has long been crying for treatment.

And what did the critics do with this play? With the exception of Mr. Brooks Atkinson, and Mr. Burns Mantle, there is only one word for their conduct. Sabotage! I have already mentioned one of the ingenious standards devised for their attack on it. Others drew up an artificial rabbit, labeled propaganda, from a tattered silk hat. The strike here grows naturally and unforced out of the trend and theme of the play. And since it does, it is impossible to conceive of the strike being presented on the stage without the characters discussing what it means and involves. And so the critics describe the play as plaintive pleading for the downtrodden, as an argument justifying the organization of labor unions, and as . . . propaganda. The conclusion implicit in such criticism is that in a play describing industrial conditions, the characters must not talk about the industrial conditions which furnish the very theme itself. If this be a standard of dramatic criticism it can be applied to other plays, say, to *The Children's Hour.* In the last act of *The Children's Hour* the characters talked of what had happened to them, what it involved, and meant in their lives. And so, if the critics are applying the standard that no character talk about the theme, why did they not say that *The Children's Hour* was not a play but a fervent plea for the prevention of gossip, and why did

ALBERT BEIN'S
LET FREEDOM RING
Earl BROWDER—"I was delighted with the play. I consider it a distinct achievement artistically and politically."
LET FREEDOM RING
James Ford—"It is an extraordinary play beautifully acted. It is a fundamental contribution to the problems of the labor movement."
LET FREEDOM RING
Richard Watts—"His drama is indignant and fiery . .. and it is, I think, the best example of the forthright, class-conscious proletarian drama that has yet been presented on the New York stage."
Now at Broadhurst Theatre 44th Street W. of B'way
Eves. 50c to $2.50. Mat.: Wed and Sat., 50c to $1.50

"Played with warm simplicity and sincerity."—*New York Times.*
"The Reapers"
By SISKIND LIEV
Now Playing Every Evening (Except Mon.)
Matinees: Saturday and Sunday
ARTEF THEATER
247 W. 48 Street
CH 4-7999
50c. 75c. $1.00
Special Mat. Performance Saturday NOVEMBER 16, 1935
"RECRUITS"
The Brilliant Social Satire

CLIFFORD ODETS
will be glad to advise
DURING REHEARSALS
of First Run Production of any "Valuable" Play. No Charge.

Acted with fine and warm enthusiasm, the present (revised) production should delight friends of the U.S.S.R. and warm the hearts of "neutrals." — **Stanley Burnshaw, New Masses.**
"Squaring the Circle"
LYCEUM West 45th Street. — BR. 9-0546. Eve. 8:40. Mats. Thur. — Sat. 2:40.
SEATS SELLING FOR NEXT 8 WEEKS

THE THEATER UNION *Presents*
Mother
A PLAY WITH MUSIC
Based on the classic Gorky Novel by Brecht. Music by H. Eisler. Trans. P. Peters
Sunday Performances—Lower Prices
Tickets: Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri. eves and Wed. and Sat. Mats. $1.00 to 35 cents. Sat. eve., Sun. Mat. & eve. $1.50 to 30 cents.
CIVIC REPERTORY THEATER 14th St & 6th Ave.
WAtkins 9-7450

BEATRICE LILLIE in AT HOME ABROAD
Matinees Thursday & Saturday $1.10 to $2.75
and ETHEL WATERS A Musical Holiday
HERB WILLIAMS AND ELEANOR POWELL
WINTER GARDEN, Broadway & 50th Street. Evenings 8:30.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

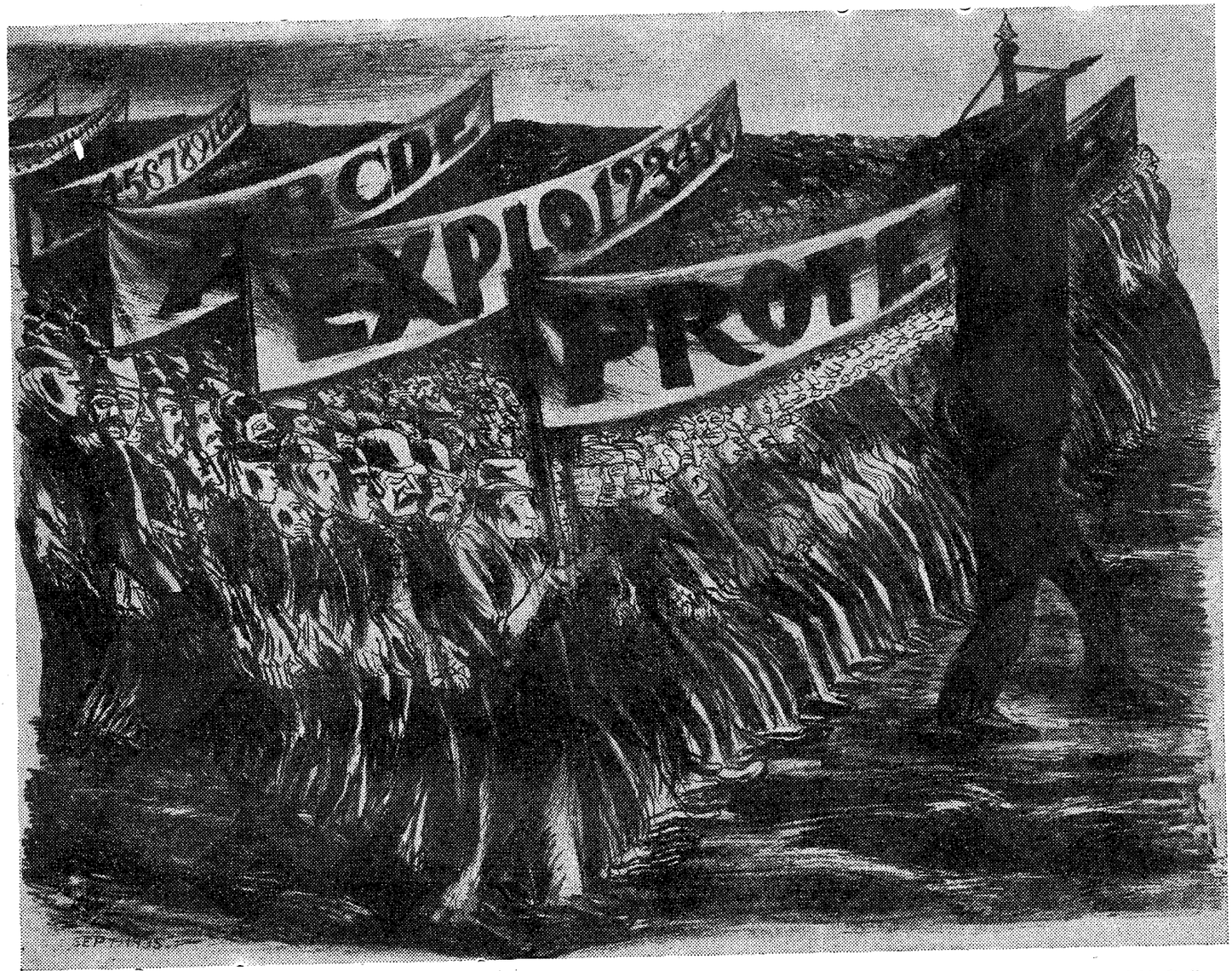
they not describe it as the theater's lecture on scandal mongering and sexuality? There would have been as much logic in that as there is in their criticism of *Let Freedom Ring*.

Another critic wrote this ineptitude; "Most of the bitter stomach twisting poignancy of *To Make My Bread* is made over into the sheer expostulative panorama of *Let Freedom Ring*." So it would not have been propaganda if the characters had happened to starve to death with their stomachs twisting and groaning all over the stage. This fellow, in order to "get" the play even read fake symbolism into titles. And another critic wrote: "You'd like to do something about them. But their wages, their working hours, and their pellagra seem unreal, unfortunately far away. . . . To an amusement seeker on the loose it leaves something to be desired. It makes one think for one thing." This week a play must not make a critic think. Perhaps next week, we will see a play in which, say, Pirandello gives another rehash of idealistic German philosophy, antiquated in the days when he learned it as a student in German universities, and thinking will be allowed back onto Broadway by Mr. Robert Garland. And perhaps the week after, there will be a play whose title cannot be fathomed, and then how will Mr. Gilbert Gabriel be able to criticize it?

One stands appalled before these five or six gentlemen who seem to be major stockholders controlling the American drama. One is embarrassed at their inconsistency. One asks how could they have praised *Waiting For Lefty* (without intending any disparagement of the Odets play) and then attacked another play which contained essentially the same viewpoint. Or do these major stockholders in American drama not know that in *Waiting For Lefty,* the "downtrodden" taxicab drivers are talking of their "plaintive" plight. Or do they know that the characters were even talking? I venture that if this play had presented a stencilled picture of the "downtrodden," permitting their stomachs to groan all over the stage, and even twist as they fell into the orchestra pit, it would not have been propaganda, and the critics would not have tripped over their own brains in their ingenious effort to prove that a good play is no play at all. Any play is of value, if it increases understanding and intensifies awareness. *Let Freedom Ring* performs these functions admirably. And the five or six men who are the apparent proprietors of the American drama erect themselves as a wall between it and the public, and their comments are not criticism. They are a smoke screen. There is, I repeat, only one word for this conduct. Sabotage!

In conclusion, I should make reference to the excellence of Mordecai Gorelick's sets, which unobtrusively and sensitively bathe all of the scenes with a sense of the ever presence of the mills. And there are three minor details in the play which can be criticized. In the first scene, when a boy is about to sacrifice his dog as a ritualistic offering to God, the motivation is blurred. And at the end of the first scene, when a mill woman walks on the stage, crazed as a result of pellagra, the actress becomes a bad Ophelia, sacrificing genuine poignancy. The final scene, also, comes as an emotional anti-climax, and as such it should either be cut, or else its essentials integrated into the previous scenes. But these criticisms notwithstanding, *Let Freedom Ring* must not be missed, must be immediately supported so that one of our finest plays be not sabotaged by critical ineptitude.

JAMES T. FARRELL.



"NOTE NO. 1, 1935"

Lithograph by Jose Clemente Orozco. Delphic Studios

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Art

Orozco's Lithographs

THOUGH somewhat belated, this notice is still in good enough time to call your attention to the new Orozco lithographs on exhibition at the Delphic Studios. If an opportunity to study the recent work of the greatest artist of our time in the Western hemisphere means anything to you, you will not miss seeing these drawings. Although Orozco's full stature is to be found primarily in his murals, his lithographs constitute an important, if secondary, phase of his work, comparable to the shorter essays of a writer whose major form of expression is the novel. Even in his use of the smaller medium Orozco gives us the serious thoughts and feelings of a man whose life is devoted to an unremitting fight for his ideals.

Seldom if ever has he achieved greater richness of values, mastery of design, and vividness of imagery. Terrifying in their explosive violence, these drawings are full of the hatred born of despair, the anguish of an idealist whose struggles for humanitarian values are frustrated by the brutalities and injustices of capitalist society. With a heightened intensity and bitterness, he gives us his feelings about the degradation of woman into prostitution; the sham picturesqueness which is commonly presented as Mexico to smug, wealthy tourists; the murder, starvation and chaos which are continuous facts in the lives of the Mexican working class.

We find here new elements in Orozco's style—elements which may be characterized as surrealist—but which he has incorporated into his own powerful forms in a quite natural manner, giving rise to greater richness of meanings but also incurring the serious liabilities of confusion and misinterpretation. There is conflict in basic attitudes evident not only as between different drawings but also within the same drawing, in certain instances. In "Note No. 2, 1935" Orozco portrays the Mexican masses as an inarticulate, unorganized, animalistic agglomeration of legs, eyes, mouths, etc., but in the adjoining "Note No. 1, 1935" he has given us a stirring, militant note of fighting hope in his depiction of irresistible tidal waves of marching workers, compactly organized, carrying banners on which are inscribed fragments of words, alphabetical and numerical progressions. As an illustration of the extent to which misinterpretation of his meaning is possible, due to Orozco's lack of complete clarity, I cite a few of the various explanations offered of this drawing. Jerome Klein, capable critic of The New York Post, found

> " . . . great masses of tortured mankind, bearing banners of protest in ordered array—but the banners are inscribed with meaningless series of numbers or slices of the alphabet, and the leader is shrouded in a dark banner. This is the frankest confession of despairing isolation that Orozco has ever made."

Another explanation is that these letters and numbers are *symbols of order,* and thus consistent with the character of the well-organized marchers and their social objectives. Still another interpreted them as *symbols of universal education,* also consonant with Mexican working-class aims. There seems to me some plausibility in all these explanations, but I prefer the latter two (although I readily admit that the wish may be father to the thought).

If we are occasionally disappointed in getting less than we hope for from Orozco; if infrequently he lapses from his own high standards; if he is as yet unable to state his positive faith as clearly and unmistakably as his attack, nevertheless we know him as an uncompromising fighter for his ideals—and they are unmistakably revolutionary in the interests of the working-class. No clever politician this. No cheaply opportunistic business man such as Rivera. You will not find the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, or General Motors, offering Orozco its walls. It is a measure of his giant stature and a tribute to his integrity that even Orozco's failures are magnificent and honorable—greater than most artists' successes.

STEPHEN ALEXANDER.

Artist Congress Show

The American Artists Congress is holding an exhibition of prints, drawings and watercolors at the A. C. A. Gallery, 52 West 8th Street, New York, contributed by members of the congress. Some indication of the calibre of the exhibit may be had from a few of the names, well known to the American art public, which are here listed at random: Brook, Bacon, Gropper, Dwight, Picken, Kuniyoshi, Marsh, Bourke-White, Refregier, Sawyer, Kantor, Dehn, Davis, Blanch, Blume, Sternberg, etc.

Choice of any one of the works exhibited is available to patrons of the congress, subscription to which is $10; order of choice being determined by order of subscriptions.

This exhibition is important not only by virtue of the quality of works shown but also for its demonstration of the common factor which unites these artists of widely divergent art beliefs to maintain against the struggle the dangers of fascism and war.

ORIGINALS
Paintings, Lithographs, Etchings, Water Colors
at $1.00 — $5.00 — $10.00 up
THE ART MART
A revolutionary departure in the marketing of art
On the mezzanine floor of
SACHS QUALITY FURNITURE, Inc.
505 Eighth Avenue at 35th Street, N. Y.

"We Make Stars"

JASPER GALL

HOLLYWOOD.

LIKE All-American football teams and Pulitzer Prizes, Hollywood's Wampas Baby Stars get reams of publicity each year. To most Americans, Wampas means baby star; few know that for years it has been the only organization of advertising, publicity and ballyhoo men in the motion-picture industry. Wampas—the full name is Western Associated Motion Picture Advertisers.

For the average worker employment in the motion-picture industry is the most precarious occupation in the world. It was founded by unprincipled promoters who impregnated the industry with the theory that the employe owes it unquestioning (and unrequited) loyalty and it has fallen under the domination of bankers and business men whose chief thought is of the speed-up, greater division of labor and cutting down on the salary list. In an effort to protect themselves writers and actors have formed the Screen Actors' and Screen Writers' Guilds. But Hollywood producers decided a few years ago that Wampas must go and they have it ready for the mortuary. Wampas will be dissolved this month. Faced with speed-ups and wage cuts, its members tamely voted for "honorable suicide" and a committee is making plans to distribute the $6,500 in its treasury.

Wampas proved an easy victim of producers because of organizational weaknesses. Press agents of leading stars, producers, directors and promoters founded it in 1922 for the avowed purpose of uniting "in the bond of professional uprightness and brotherhood—to engender in every member an ever present consciousness of his responsibility to the profession he publicizes, the industry he represents and the public whose tendencies, thoughts and impulses he is such a factor in forming and directing."

An arbitrary clause limited membership to 150 and another rule permitted members who rose to executive positions to retain voting rights. Wampas presidents have included such men as Harry Brand, now right-hand man of Joseph Schenck at Twentieth Century-Fox; Pete Smith, now Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer producer; Harold Hurley, Paramount producer, and John L. Johnson, publicity director for Universal. This year's president is Oliver P. Garver, head of the West Coast office of National Screen Service which makes all trailers for major studios and is dependent upon them for existence.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Another vulnerable spot in Wampas was its Publicity Directors Committee, composed of members who were heads of the studio departments. The Publicity Committee was "to work with the motion-picture producers or their designated representatives to advise the Wampas on matters of policy in which producers are interested or involved." The committee corresponded to a union grievance committee. And it was a grievance committee composed entirely of executives!

Will H. Hays' office soon saw the value of the Publicity Committee; if it could be kept in line the committee could hinder all efforts to make Wampas a militant organization. The Hays' office took over control of the committee; this year it knuckled under and passed a "non-raiding rule," an agreement by which its members bound themselves not to offer any employed advertising or publicity man a position at a higher salary than that which he was receiving. The executives got this idea of reducing their employes to serfs from The Herald-Express, Hearst's evening Los Angeles paper.

Every year since its founding, Wampas has elected thirteen baby stars and the list includes many who have reached the peak of stardom. The major studios got together and decided that each must have at least two representatives on the list. But in 1931 no Fox stars were included. Winfield Sheehan, who was then in charge of Fox and who with Harley S. Clarke and John Otterson robbed William Fox of control of Fox Studios, was enraged. He directed a tirade against Wampas, named his own list of "Fox Debutantes" and demanded that all Fox employes resign from the organization. In 1932 Louis Mayer ordered Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer workers to resign and in 1934 all studios ganged up and refused to permit Wampas to use the names of any of their young players. Wampas took the decision lying down. The next blow came when producers refused to cooperate with the 1934 Wampas Ball which had netted as high as $25,000 in previous years, half of which went to the Motion Picture Relief Fund. The ball was a flop; Wampas's back was broken.

Many former Wampas members are not satisfied with the dissolution of their organization; some of them realize that its basic weaknesses lay in its failure to follow the interests of the rank and file of the industry, its refusal to emerge from the category of a "social organization" and its control by executives. These men, who made countless stars, realize that they must also make a living and that to do so they must organize on a more secure foundation.

"Mary Burns, Fugitive"

MARY BURNS, FUGITIVE has all the trappings of a conventional G-Man gangster melodrama, yet it comes very close to being a real dramatic achievement. Sylvia Sydney is starred as Mary Burns, but it is Alan Baxter, last seen as Joe Covarsky in *Black Pit,* who puts the film over. He gives one of the most brilliant characterizations ever offered in a Hollywood picture. Add to that the fine direction of William K. Howard.

Up to the point where Mary Burns meets Alec MacDonald (played by Melvyn Douglas) and the romantic interest is turned on, the film goes places and does things with a speed and hardness that is overwhelming. Mary Burns is in love with an oil salesman. He comes one night and proposes. They are to be married immediately and go to Canada. But almost at once they are surrounded by the police and we discover that the oil salesman is none other than Babe Wilson, former star football player and now a psychopathic killer. He gets away and Mary Burns is railroaded to prison as an accomplice. The rest of the film is taken up with the efforts of the G-Men to get their man.

There is none of the usual bravado and heroics of the other G-Men films. The police are shown to utilize coercion, trickery and other gangsters in their effort to catch up with Babe Wilson. Without their stool pigeons they are helpless.

The romance is introduced to avoid the embarrassment of really explaining the origin of such gangsters as Babe Wilson; it opens the way for a happy ending instead of the logical tragic end of the story. William Howard has fashioned his film with consummate skill. Without much gunplay, without much physical violence, without tricky camera work, the scenes deliver a terrific emotional wallop.

PETER ELLIS.

Between Ourselves

Bob Brown and his wife conducted the tour of the Soviet Union last summer which is the subject of his article in this week's issue. Brown was one of the editors of the old Masses and has recently been connected wtih Commonwealth College, Mena, Ark.

The new novel by Fielding Burke, whose article "Pelzer: Just Another One of Those Damn Strike Towns," we published a few weeks ago, will be the Book Union selection for December. It is called *A Stone Came Rolling,* and will be published November 29.

Editors and contributors to THE NEW MASSES are among the instructors of the John Reed Writers' School, which opens its second term December 2. Work shop courses, concentrating on the technique of writing, will be given in the novel, short story and poetry. There will also be a survey course on "Major Trends in Modern Literature." Among the instructors and guest lecturers are: Josephine Herbst, Langston Hughes, Edwin Seaver, Granville Hicks, Malcolm Cowley, Joseph Freeman, Genevieve Taggard, Isidor Schneider, Kenneth Fearing and Ben Field. Registration will be held daily and evenings at the office of Anvil and Partisan Review, 430 Sixth Avenue.

A batch of articles by Joshua Kunitz went astray in the mails crossing Europe, but copies have now arrived and the articles will appear, every two or three weeks, regularly beginning next week.

THE NEW FILM ALLIANCE INC. *announces*
A FILM SHOWING AND PUBLIC FORUM
The March of Time—In What Direction Is It Marching?
"TOWARD REACTION AND FASCISM!"
Says Congressman
Vito Marcantonio
A prominent speaker will defend March of Time. Several issues of March of Time will be shown. A vote will be taken. The audience will be asked to join the discussion.
Sunday Eve., Nov. 17, 6:45 and 9 o'clock
New School, 66 W. 12th St.
Tickets available, New Film Alliance, 110 W. 40th Street. Phone orders accepted, PE 6-3239. Admission, 50 cents, in advance both shows. At the door, 50c 1st show, 75c for 2nd show.

The Film and Photo League *presents*
The German Version of
FRITZ LANG'S "M"
with PETER LORRE (English Titles)
Also "HANDS OFF ETHIOPIA"
(League Production)
"FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER"
CHAPLIN COMEDY
SAT., NOV. 16, 7 and 9:30 P. M.
At NEW SCHOOL FOR SOCIAL RESEARCH
66 West 12th Street
TICKETS—40c—Available at
FILM AND PHOTO LEAGUE, 31 East 21st St.
WORKERS' BOOKSHOP, 50 East 13th Street

YOUNG MEN & GIRLS WANTED
to sell NEW MASSES
Earn up to $20 weekly. For information apply at Central Distribution Agency, 52 West 15th Street, New York City.

PREVIEW SHOWING OF
"MOTHER"
Based on Maxim Gorky's Novel
Saturday Evening
NOV. 16, 1935
CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE
14th St & 6th Ave. New York
Tickets Available at Box Office
BENEFIT:
FEDERATION OF ARCHITECTS, ENGINEERS, CHEMISTS & TECHNICIANS
119 E. 18th St., New York City, Tel. GR 5-8859

— THEATRE EVENT —
The Playwright: ALBERT BEIN
The Author: GRACE LUMPKIN
The Actors: WILL GHERE (Grandpap)
HERTA WARE (Mother Bloor's Granddaughter)
Preliminary Vodvil: Supporting Cast
in a
SYMPOSIUM and SHOW
on and from
"LET FREEDOM RING"
9:00 P. M., Saturday, November 16
at 430 Sixth Avenue
Auspices John Reed Forum Admission 25c
(Anvil-Partisan Review)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving Week-end

with several new and enjoyable features, such as a Revue, Movies, a Chamber Music Recital and a Midnite Party. The usual big Turkey Dinner, of Course!

WED. EVE., NOV. 27 TO SUN. EVE., DEC. 1

Write for special rates. Make your reservations early.

B. M. L. Trio—Lou Sugarman, Director—Concert and dance. Friday eve., Nov. 15th, 8:30 P. M.—150 W. 85th St., New York

Taxis at Harmon **BLUE MOUNTAIN LODGE** *Reduced R.R. fares*

Peekskill, N. Y. **Phone 1403**

CAMP NITGEDAIGET

ON THE HUDSON **BEACON, N. Y.**

Hotel Accommodations — Great Altitude

Excellent Food — Cultural Activities

All Sports — And Lots of Fun

•

$15.00 PER WEEK

$2.75 Per Day

•

Cars leave daily 10:30 A. M. from 2700 Bronx Park East, N. Y. Central trains to Beacon, N. Y. Tel.: Beacon 731. City Offices SE 8-1400

• *Natural Foods*

AS NATURE INTENDED

We use nothing but fresh vegetables —fresh fruits—fresh dairy products and fresh fish, scientifically prepared

LUNCHEON 40c DINNER 60c

FARMFOOD

VEGETARIAN RESTAURANTS

37 West 32nd Street **110 West 40th Street**

*** 142 West 49th Street**

* After theater snacks — Open Sundays

Banquets and Parties Accommodated

NEW CHINA Cafeteria

848 BROADWAY Near 14th STREET

100% UNION SHOP

:-: *Open Day and Night* :-:

JOHN'S RESTAURANT

Popular Prices **Lunch and Dinner**

Private Dining Rooms for Parties

302 EAST 12th STREET **TO. 6-9554**

TYPEWRITERS

all makes including

Yiddish and Russian

Rentals latest models immediate delivery special rates

206 Broadway **NEW YORK CITY**

TYTELL TYPEWRITER CO.

Tel. CO 7-9665

GENERAL SUPPLY CO.

STATIONERY : OFFICE SUPPLIES

1 Union Square New York City

GRamercy 7-7211

INTERNATIONAL

Proletarian Literature in the United States

AN ANTHOLOGY

Edited by Granville Hicks, Michael Gold, Paul Peters, Joseph North, Isidor Schneider and Alan Calmer. With a critical introduction by Joseph Freeman.

BOOK UNION Selection for October

cloth, popular edition, $1.75

INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHERS

381 FOURTH AVENUE **NEW YORK CITY**

CLASSIFIED ADS—30 cents a line

6 WORDS IN A LINE **3 LINES MINIMUM**

RESORTS

A DELIGHTFUL HIDEAWAY in the mountains inviting people of better taste. Excellent table, solariums, reasonable sports. Library, musicale, open fireplaces.

CHESTERS' ZUNBARG

Woodbourne, N. Y. **Fallsburgh 2F22**

WHEN IN LAKEWOOD, be sure to visit your comrades at their rendezvous,

HOTEL ROYALE

Low pre-holiday rates. Tel. Lakewood 1146. Special week-end excursion. Inquiries solicited. **708 Princeton Ave., Lakewood, N. J.**

Sonya Gelbaum — Anna Broude

THE RAVIN LODGE, ideally located, equipped with every modern convenience, and assuring a delightful comradely atmosphere, offers you an enjoyable and beneficial vacation. **416 Third St., Lakewood, N. J. Tel. Lakwood 922. City information: Tel. DI 6-3273.**

LECTURES

PROF. SCOTT NEARING, Economist, will speak at the Prospect Workers' Center, 1157 Southern Blvd., Bronx, on Friday evening, Nov. 22. Topic: "The Capitalist Experiment." Friday, Nov. 15, Hansu Chan, editor of "China Today" will speak on "The Far East Situation."

RUSSIAN TAUGHT

Modern—RUSSIAN—Taught

New Rules and usages. Tourist Conversational Course. **MISS ISA WILGA, 457 West 57th Street, New York City. COlumbus 5-8450.**

RUSSIAN ARTS AND GIFTS

LARGE SELECTION of peasant handicrafts from **U.S.S.R.** Linens, blouses, shawls, slippers, toys, and novelties. 109 E. 14th St., 1122 6th Ave., MU 2-6327.

APARTMENT TO SHARE

PHILADELPHIA. Young woman wishes to share with another woman, center-city apt., attractive, furn., modern. 2 rooms, bath, kitchen. Rent incl. gas, elec., phone, maid serv., laundry. $30 per month. Phone Kin. 3093 evenings, or Lom. 6260 bet. 4 and 5 P. M.

STUDIO SUITABLE PART TIME

72nd STREET WEST. Particularly attractive studio available meetings, teaching, practicing, vocal, piano, dance. Surprisingly reasonable. SUsquehanna 7-0022 evenings; PEnnsylvania 6-0945 days.

PLAY TABLE-TENNIS

PLAY TABLE-TENNIS (Ping-Pong) at the Broadway Table Tennis Courts, 1721 Broadway, bet. 54th-55th Sts., N. Y. C. One flight up. Expert instruction; open from noon till 1 A. M. Tel. COL. 5-9088.

FURNISHED ROOM

BEAUTIFUL ROOM facing Botanical Garden; fine environment; gentleman. $20 a month. Call Olinville 2-1861.

HOME FOR CHILDREN

HEALTHFUL HOME for children; spacious grounds, supervised by graduate nurse and a teacher. Reasonable; Sea Gate. ES 2-6878.

RESTAURANT

PATRONIZE A WORKERS INSTITUTION

New Health Center Cafeteria

Fresh food. Proletarian prices

50 East 13th Street Workers Center

DENTISTS

RARE OPPORTUNITY TO BUY up-to-date modern equipped dental office with residential facilities. Located in selective street of Manhattan; practice mainly Hungarian, Czechoslovak and German. **Long established practice among sympathizers in revolutionary movement. Must sell immediately for reasonable offer. Leaving New York. 335 East 79th St. BUtterfield 8-7894.**

MULTIGRAPHING

MULTIGRAPHING—500 Facsimile typewritten letters (20 lines)—$2.00. Also mimeographing and printing Quality work at low prices. **Mailers Advertising Service 121 West 42nd Street, New York City, BRyant 9-5053.**

ELECTROLYSIS

MEN'S AND WOMEN'S superfluous hair on face and other parts of the body permanently removed by electrolysis. Personal service. Quick results guaranteed. My method endorsed by prominent physicians. Will give treatments to unemployed free every Friday from 1 to 4. Charles H. Landis, 171 W. 71st St., at Broadway. EN 2-9150.

LAUNDRY

LOWEST PRICES IN CITY. Full list on request. Strictly hand-work. Bachelor Service. Call and deliver in Manhattan. 10% trial discount to New Masses readers. **Greenwich Village Private Hand Laundry, 14 Washington Place East. SPring 7-3769.**

PERMANENT WAVING

THE SAFE PERMANENT for fine, white and coarse hair. No chemicals, electricity or machines! A lasting oil treatment. Car-gol-oil Permanent makes hair beautifully soft — glossy — self-setting.

GOLD ET CONSONI, 385 Fifth Avenue, AS 4-9330.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hearst fired him for writing it! . . .

"What So Proudly We Hailed"

By

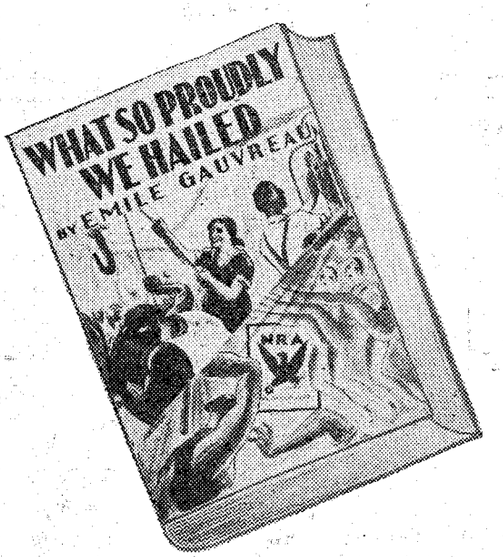
EMILE GAUVREAU

ntrast Between Two

Worlds As Told By

ONE OF HEARST'S

OWN EDITORS!



- HERE IS THE BOOK everyone is talking about, the book whose publication shook the newspaper world to its foundations. Think of it! Emile Gauvreau, editor (now an ex-editor) of one of the largest papers in a chain which has made a business of slandering the Soviet Union — visits Russia — RETURNS TO WRITE ENTHUSIASTICALLY!

- In the Soviet Union, Gauvreau finds no unemployment, women in the cabs of locomotives, three million members of the Youth League giving up cigarette smoking for a while to make more paper available for printing vital news (there are 10,000 newspapers in the Soviet Union with a circulation of 35,000,000), collective farming, happy men, women and children—happy because they feel economically secure and because they are building a Socialist society.

- Back at his desk in America, he finds 15,000,000 unemployed and starving, Dillinger, lynchings, evictions, guards for Doris Duke against kidnapers, breadlines, night clubs, a circus midget on the lap of J. P. Morgan at a Senate inquiry into crooked banking practices, Sally Rand, Mooney still in jail on a framed-up charge, gas and bayonet attacks on strikers, a decaying capitalist order.

- 246 pages of fascinating text; 64 pages of startling and contrasting photographs of the American scene and the building of Socialism in Russia; weighs 2½ pounds; beautifully bound; printed in clear type on fine paper.

- Published originally at nearly twice the price of an ordinary novel, this absorbing book, through special arrangement, is offered you with a six months' subscription to NEW MASSES (regular price $2.50 for six months) for only $3. Snap up this wonderful bargain TODAY!

NEW MASSES

America's only revolutionary weekly, will publish this winter some of the most vital, highly sensational articles to appear anywhere. The plans under way assure they will surpass even such outstanding achievements as John L. Spivak's "Plotting America's Pogroms"; Ernest Hemingway's "Who Murdered the Vets?" and others printed recently. You make sure of not missing them if you start by subscribing now. Take advantage of the special offer!

SPECIAL OFFER BOTH FOR ONLY $3.00 POSTAGE PREPAID

NEW MASSES,
31 East 27th Street,
New York, N. Y.

For the enclosed $3 please enter my subscription to NEW MASSES for six months and send me (postpaid), the book, "What So Proudly We Hailed."

Name.....

Street & No. .....

City.....State.....

Occupation.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED